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OUR LEADING WOMAN DRAMATIST: MISS CLEMENCE DANE, AUTHOR OF "WILL SHAKESPEARE"
AND "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT."

Although the name of women novelists is legion, play-writing has been one of the last arts in which women have won eminence. In the past there were few, if any, women dramatists, and even now only a few can be called to mind, such as Miss Gladys Unger, Mrs. Clifford Mills, and Miss F. Tennyson Jesse. This year, however, has seen the "arrival" as a playwright of Miss Clemence Dane, who herself began her literary career in fiction, having written three novels—"Regiment of Women," "First the Blade," and "Legend." These works were eclipsed by the success of her powerful play, "A Bill of Divorcement," which

has been running at the St. Martin's Theatre since last March, and entitles her to rank as our leading woman dramatist. Her second play, "Will Shakespeare," in a very different vein, partly verse and partly prose, was produced by the Reandean Company at the Shaftesbury Theatre on November 17, and has attracted wide interest. She describes it as "an invention," a purely imaginary story woven round the character of Shakespeare, suggesting one way in which his genius might have developed. "Clemence Dane," by the way, is a pseudonym. Her real name is Miss Winifred Ashton. ~~The play is illustrated on a later page.~~



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I STRONGLY object to the wrong arguments on the right side. I think I object to them more than to the wrong arguments on the wrong side. I am afraid that this taste for intellectual justice is not universally understood. Most people have a moral sense, and therefore wish to be on the right side; but many do not seem to care whether they are wrong on the right side or right on the right side. Any sophistry will serve their turn, even if it destroys all their other sophistries.

For instance, I think Prohibition a piece of low, provincial persecution of the dirtiest and most dismal sort. I defy anybody to say what are the rights of a citizen, if they do not include the control of his own diet in relation to his own health. I know that, while it is servile in theory, it is simply snobbish in practice. I can testify by my own experience that even the persecution is only a persecution of the poor. Prohibition is a provision by which a lord may be as drunk as a lord, so long as the hall-porter and the cabman are kept artificially sober to look after him. It began with some colonial trick for cheating niggers; and it ends by treating the majority of white men as if they were niggers. If it spreads we shall know that barbarism is returning.

Well, that is what I think about Prohibition. But when, for example, people use the argument against it that it increases the efficiency of criminals, I can see that such an argument is indefensible; as indefensible as the tyranny it attacks. It is argued by some opponents of Prohibition that the measure has produced a crop of successful crimes, a campaign of burglary and murder, because the criminals who used to be fuddled and inefficient are now lucid and alert. It is obvious that this sort of argument will not do. We cannot actually defend a beverage on the ground that it is bad for people. We cannot preserve a deleterious drug simply because it is deleterious. It is an intolerable proposition that we should consciously keep a part of the population partially poisoned so that in their paralytic condition they are less likely to do harm. Moreover, in trying to score a small point, it simply surrenders the great essential point. The case for wine and beer and cider and the rest is that they are good things, great and generous gifts of God, only liable to abuse like all other gifts. We cannot preach at once that wine makes glad the heart of man and that it makes weak the heart of murderers; that it inspires poets and depresses pickpockets. It is an unjust argument in favour of justice; it is an illiberal argument in favour of liberty; it is an untrue argument in favour of truth; and such an argument I will never use.

But this attitude leads to much bewilderment. There is a somewhat similar case in the current dispute about the reduction of armaments, arising out of the naval proposals of Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes. It is objected that the scrapping of any sort of armament would involve an intensification of the tragedy of unemployment; and that therefore no such change must be attempted at any time or in any degree. Now, as it happens, my sympathies contain and combine, more than do most people's, the case for Labour and the case for Armament. I am what most Bolsheviks would call a Jingo in foreign policy. I am what most Jingoists would call a Bolshevik in domestic policy. I have never believed in internationalism or cosmopolitan pacifism, as do so many with whom I agree in supporting strong trades unions. I have never agreed with imperialism or capitalism,

witches merely to give employment to wood-cutters. I do not know whether there was a convulsion in the market when the manufacturers of racks ceased to have orders from the Government; but it is clear that the Government could not put some people on the rack merely to avoid putting other people on the rates. I do not know if the thumbscrew factories presented a forsaken and desolate appearance when all their bright and busy machinery had been abandoned; but it is clear that we could not in logic maintain the Spanish Inquisition merely because it gave employment to a large number of industrious torturers and deserving executioners. The argument for the Spanish Inquisition is tenable enough; but it is the argument for it as defending a nation, not as distributing wages. I personally do not think the argument arises; because I do not think that a battle-ship is a thing as monstrous and exceptional as a torture-engine. But if a man does think it so, he is justified in wishing to destroy it. And whatever else such men do, it is their duty to distinguish their ideas clearly and to state them honestly. If a man wishes to provide employment, he should say he wishes to provide employment, and not take cover under the excuse that we have to build battle-ships. If he wishes to provide battle-ships, he should say so, and not take cover under the excuse that he wishes to provide employment.

I have taken these examples against myself, to illustrate this vital need for logical loyalty and responsibility. They are against myself, in the sense of being against my own side, or at least against certain arguments on my own side. In the one case, I am perhaps more hostile than anybody to Prohibition; not so much because it prohibits poor men from drinking their beer, as because it prohibits poor men from choosing their drinks. In the other case, I believe I am one of the few people who have been opposed with equal emphasis to the cutting down of ships and to the cutting down of wages. But I do not like the moderate drinker being muddled with sophistries to show that he is not muddled with beer; I do not like the navalist to fight unfairly with the enemies of navalism that he may fight fairly with the enemies of England; and I do not like the social reformer to leave his mind unemployed when he is seeking a cure for unemployment. There are a great many good arguments on all sides of these questions; and I think that in using arguments, as in using armaments, we should examine our weapons, and see, first, that they are honourable, and second, that they are effective.



In this group (from left to right) are seen—(Front Row) the Duke of Devonshire (near centre), Lady Grey (with Lady Anne Cavendish in front of her), Princess Mary (with dog), the Duchess of Devonshire, and Lord Hartington; (Second Row) Viscount Gage (on left); (Third Row) the Earl of Haddington, Viscount Lascelles (immediately behind the Duke of Devonshire), Mr. McMillan, Lady Rachel Cavendish, Miss Yorke, Lady Victoria Wemyss, and Miss Sanders, Lady-in-Waiting; (Fourth Row) Lady Hartington, Captain Codrington, Lady Maud Macintosh, and Miss Alix Cavendish. Others in the group are Lord Winterton (top), Captain Gibbs, the Hon. Victor Cochrane-Baillie, Lord Grey, Captain Wemyss, Lord Ashley, and Captain Bradshaw.

PRINCESS MARY AND HER FIANCÉ IN THE SAME HOUSE PARTY: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AND LORD LASCELLES AMONG THE GUESTS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AT CHATSWORTH.

During the end of October and the beginning of this month Princess Mary was staying at Chatsworth with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who had gathered a large party, mostly of young people, to meet her. Viscount Lascelles, to whom she is now engaged, was among them. Viscount Lascelles, it may be mentioned, is a very rich man. While in the trenches in 1916 he heard that his grand-uncle, the last Marquess of Clanricarde, had left him the whole of his estate, valued at £2,500,000, except an annuity of £1000 and a legacy of £20,000. When he visited his new Irish tenants the same year, Lord Lascelles was enthusiastically received. In 1919 he bought, from the Dowager Lady Burton, Chesterfield House, in South Audley Street, designed by Isaac Ware for the famous Earl of Chesterfield who wrote "Letters to My Son." Like Princess Mary, Viscount Lascelles is fond of country life and sport, and is joint Master of the Bramham Moor Foxhounds. He is distantly related to the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, who married Princess Patricia. As a Special Supplement with this number we give a delightful portrait in colour of Princess Mary.—[Photo by G.P.U.]

as do so many with whom I agree in supporting strong naval defences for England. I am sure that unless the country has sufficient ships we shall perish; and that unless the working class has sufficient wages we shall perish. I am by accident at the very angle of opinion from which to see these points simultaneously. I am in a position to see at once all the horror of unemployment and all the danger of disarmament. Unfortunately, I cannot help seeing also that the argument above-mentioned is a fallacy.

For if armaments were what their opponent assumes, mere instruments of torture or engines of hell, he would not be fairly answered by being told that the production of them was a cause of employment. I do not know whether any wood-cutters were thrown out of work when people abandoned the practice of burning witches; but it is clear that people could not go on burning

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ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT LASCELLES, D.S.O.: PRINCESS MARY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

The betrothal of Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles, D.S.O., elder son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood, was announced by the King and Queen on November 22.
A portrait of Viscount Lascelles appears on page 711 in this number.

COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYKE.



ENGAGED TO PRINCESS MARY: VISCOUNT LASCELLES, D.S.O., ELDER SON OF THE EARL OF HAREWOOD.

The nation has heard with deep satisfaction that the King's only daughter is to marry into the British Peerage. The following announcement was made from Buckingham Palace on the evening of November 22: "It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the Betrothal of their beloved Daughter, Princess Mary, to Viscount Lascelles, D.S.O., eldest Son of the Earl of Harewood. At a Council held at Buckingham Palace this evening His Majesty was pleased to declare his consent to the Marriage." Princess Mary was born at Sandringham on April 25, 1897. Since she grew up she has endeared herself to the

nation by her charming and unaffected personality, and by her active devotion, during and since the war, to voluntary aid, nursing, the welfare of girls and children, and many other duties undertaken in the public interest. The heart of the people goes out to wish her happiness. Viscount Lascelles was born on September 9, 1882. When the war began he rejoined his old battalion, the 3rd Grenadier Guards, as Lieutenant, remained with it throughout, being finally in command, and marched with it to Cologne. He was wounded twice and once gassed. He received the D.S.O. (with bar) and the French Croix de Guerre.

FROM THE PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNT LASCELLES BY JOHN ST. HELLER LANDER; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IT is no longer necessary to be lugubrious concerning sales and sale prices. A quickening influence is becoming evident. In

some instances, curiously enough to record, prices have exceeded those obtaining in pre-war days of super-abundance. Perhaps speculative bidding has been a noticeable note. Amateurs' collections of little notoriety have come up for sale, and classification has been too difficult for the auctioneer. Here it is that unchronicled canvases of well-known masters unexpectedly turn up. It is always, therefore, with a keen sagacity that picture-buyers and connoisseurs do not neglect miscellaneous sales in London. In the provinces the dispersal of the furniture of a recluse attracts attention for miles around. His very secrecy and exclusiveness excite curiosity. Great prices are often obtained at country sales by reason of the competition of the absurdly ignorant. The unknown has its attractions for London buyers. We find an unsigned canvas of "An Alchemist" bringing £50 at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's. For the same sum a Portrait of a Man in black cap and fur-trimmed coat changed owners, with no other definition than "The School of Clouet." At the same sale a Tintoretto, "The Baptism of Christ," brought £157; and a Verelst portrait of a Black Boy holding a basket of flowers with a dog sold for £48.

At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, on the 17th, some valuable books were sold, including a fine copy of Cranmer's Great Bible, third edition, 1540, with titles, woodcut borders, and woodcuts, that brought £50: "The Byble in Englysh that is to say the contēt of al the holy scripture, both of ye olde and newe testamēt, with a prologe therinto, made by the reuerende father in God, Thomas arch-bishop of Cantorbury. This is the Byble apoynted to the use of the churches." Another interesting item is a collection of early newspapers in date 1643 to 1664. The *Public Intelligencer*, *Mercurius Britannicus*, *Mercurius Morbicus*, *Loyall Scout*, *Grand Politick Informer*, and others, dating from the days of Rupert, and the taking of Bristol, the death of Falkland at Newbury, and running through the Civil War and the Commonwealth to the Restoration up to the capture of New Amsterdam (New York) from the Dutch. At the same sale there came up Wordsworth's and Keats's first editions, *pari passu* with a choice little collection of Charles Lamb first editions, including "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," 1808.

At the same rooms, on the 18th, various properties came forward, including Chinese carvings in hardstone, those wonderfully minute representations where size has no relation to the immensity of the conception. A figure of a bullock in agate, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, represented the intensity of purpose set in a small compass. Rock-crystal ducks, 2 inches high, and an agate frog, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, vied with a rock-crystal figure of Kwannon, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, in proving the beauty of the subtle art and the forcefulness of these gigantic creations in inches. It was Fuseli who, examining a miniature cast of Jupiter with his bolts a few inches high, drew back and exclaimed, "By Gott! He is a gigantic monster, and I fear he is not inches high, he is a great monument!"

Messrs. Sotheby, in a two-days' sale commencing on the 30th, offer jewellery, miniatures, snuff-boxes, and old English silver from various owners. One item stands paramount, an extremely rare fine Elizabethan mazer. It is 7 inches in diameter, and $4\frac{7}{16}$ inches high. It is

in maple wood, as is usual in old examples, following Spenser's description: "Ye mazer ywrought of the maple ware." The rim has a broad silver band chased with two bands of strap-work panels. Inside the bowl are the arms of the Cotes of Aylestone, Leicestershire. Fully marked on the rim and on the foot with the London date mark, 1586, and the maker's mark, the piece is well authenticated, and is described in Jackson's "History of English Plate." It should bring a handsome price, for mazers are rare, and mazers

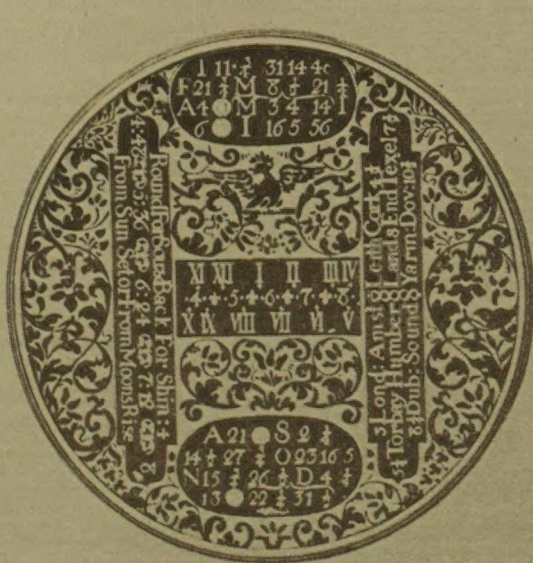


CHIPPENDALE? A FINELY CARVED MAHOGANY GUILD CHAIR.

This is the chairman's arm-chair (3 ft. 9 in. high) in a set of three "Chippendale" mahogany guild chairs (the other two for vice-chairman and secretary) included in a forthcoming sale of old English furniture at Sotheby's on December 2.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

of this quality are rarer. In the same sale, the property of Mr. Conway Seymour, comes Sir Isaac Newton's box in silver, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. But its size is no criterion as to its moment. The catalogue tells of its ancestry, but we are puzzled as to its purpose. The perpetual Julian Kalendar is explainable. But its curious enigmatical formulae seem to have puzzled learned professors. De Morgan succeeded in solving the last conundrum, but such a scientific toy with its half-hidden message should be in the national collection, together with all solutions as to its message.



"CARVED WITH ENIGMATICAL NUMBERS FORMING A PERPETUAL JULIAN KALENDAR": SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S SILVER BOX, COMING UNDER THE HAMMER.

This little silver box ($3\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter by 1 1-8 in. high) to be sold at Sotheby's on November 30, belongs to Mr. Conway Seymour, to whose great-great-grandfather it was given by Sir Isaac Newton. In Sir David Brewster's biography of Newton (Vol. II., pp. 417-21) we read: "One of the most interesting and valuable relics of Sir Isaac is a silver box, beautifully carved, which he presented to the Earl of Abercorn, the great-grandfather of Sir George Hamilton Seymour, G.C.B., who has kindly placed it in my hands. . . . The bottom as well as the lid is carved with enigmatical numbers forming a perpetual Julian Kalendar. When Sir George was an Ambassador at Brussels in 1840, and at St. Petersburg in 1853, he submitted the box to Professor Quetelet and Mr. Otto Struve, of Pulkova, who have given a satisfactory explanation of all the legends except one." This one was afterwards explained by Professor de Morgan.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

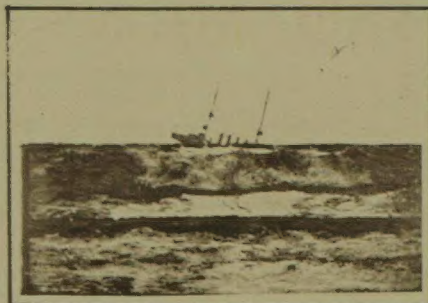
Old English furniture is always alluring. Messrs. Sotheby are selling on Dec. 2 the properties of the Countess of Coventry and Captain Luttrell Byron. A set of four ribbon-back chairs of the middle eighteenth century with cabriole legs and scroll toes proclaim at once their affinity with Chippendale, and the departure from his creations. They are certainly not his. They may be Mainwaring or Ince and Mayhew. In any case, they are rare and exemplary of a fine period. Another lot, that are termed "guild chairs," offer a problem. They embrace arm-chairs and other chairs with broad splats and scrolls, and honeysuckle ornament. The arms to the "chairman's chair" have eagle heads. If this is Chippendale, then it is Chippendale of an early order before he promulgated the designs in his "Director." Or again, it may be Chippendale's successors not quite ripe in invention to carry out delicacies. There is a clumsiness hardly attributable to Chippendale. At the same sale Hepplewhite chairs came up with shield-shaped backs and fluted splats—simply ordinary examples, but making a sequence to the Chippendale fanfare.

A wonderful collection of autograph letters comes forward on Dec. 5 and 6 to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby. There are some interesting letters of Horace Walpole, from his childish screed to his "Dear Mama," written at the age of eight to his mother, to his last slippered and pantaloons stage. We like the highwaymen story, where he was attacked in Hyde Park, and lost his purse and his watch at the pistol's mouth. The letters now under the hammer relate to the offer made by the highwaymen to restore his watch for a sum of forty guineas deposited at a certain spot.

In reply to an advertisement for the return of his watch, the rascals sent the letter signed "A. B. C. and D.," now for sale. It is in the usual blackmailing style, offering restitution, but suggesting destruction to him if he did not comply. Walpole never took up the offer of the highwaymen. Maclean, who nearly shot Walpole through the head, was executed at Tyburn in 1750, and confessed to the outrage. In the same collection, contemporary with Walpole, are some famous Gray manuscripts; one lot includes over a hundred letters addressed to Horace Walpole by the author of "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard." A portrait in oils, by John Jackson, R.A., of George Dyer should appeal to lovers of Lamb—the dim-sighted, absent-minded child-like person of whom he wrote to Coleridge: "The more I see of him the more deeply I admire him. He is goodness itself." In his essay "Amicus Redivivus," Lamb makes a cameo of George Dyer, who slipped into the New River after a night with Lamb. The essay stands as a prose idyll, and George Dyer is embalmed therein as a fly in amber. "I do not know," says Lamb, "when I have experienced a stranger sensation

than on seeing my old friend 'G. D.,' who had been paying me a morning visit a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand and at noonday, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear." We still think it was the evening after glorious potations and wondrous conversation. Lamb, as an afterthought, wrote an apology for his friend. And here is his portrait, with "grizzled hair over which spectacles are pushed up," to quote the catalogue, "with white collar and neck-cloth."

"How Kitchener Was Betrayed": A Film Version of the "Hampshire" Tragedy.



"THE MINING OF THE 'HAMPSHIRE':
THE CRUISER GOING DOWN."



"KITCHENER'S LAST MOMENTS: GOING DOWN
WITH THE WRECKAGE."



A SINISTER FIGURE IN THE FILM
PLOT: THE GERMAN WOMAN SPY.

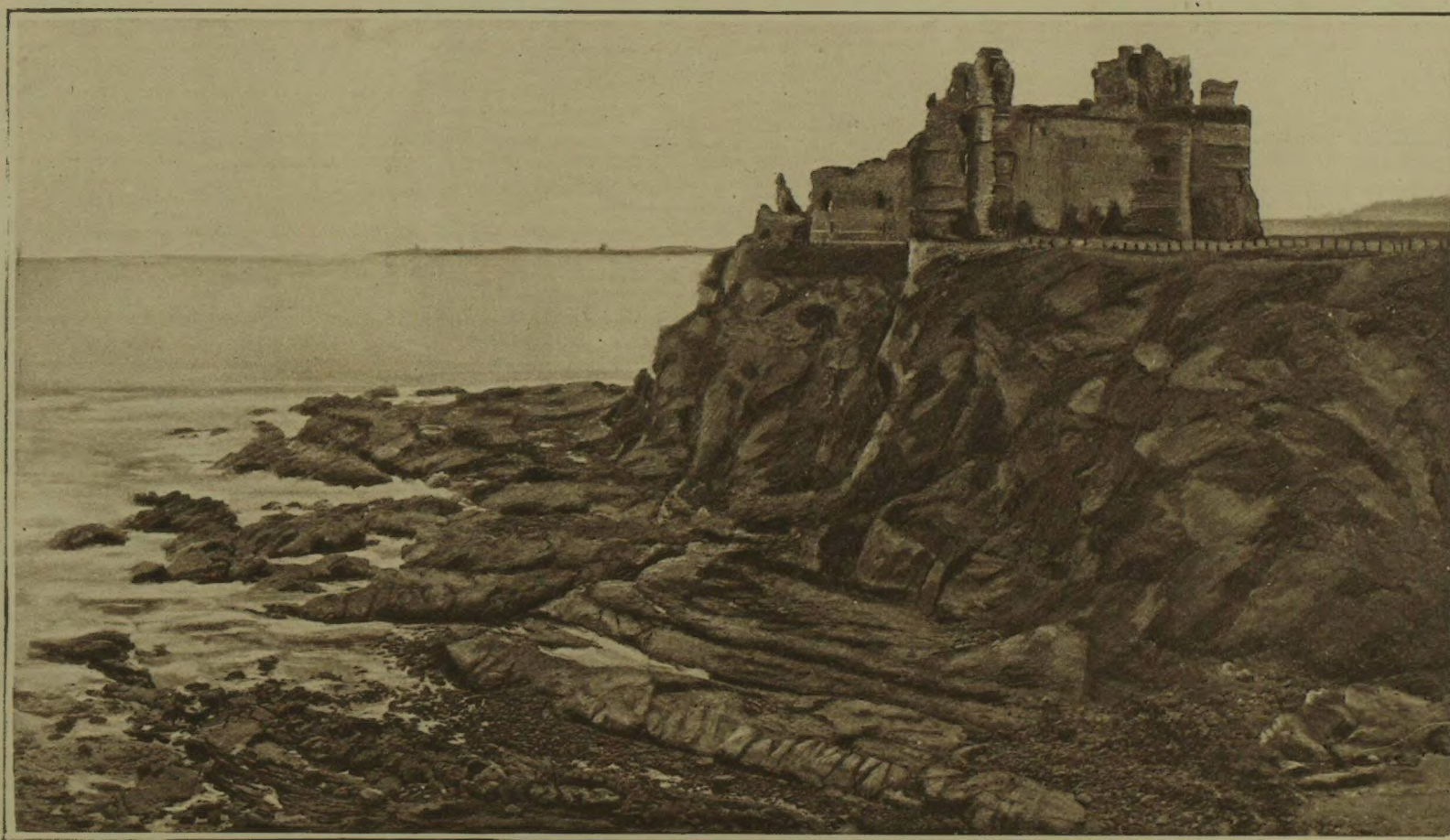
THE FIRST RECIPIENT OF THE FATAL NEWS, ACCORDING TO THE FILM STORY:
RASPUTIN, THE RUSSIAN MONK.

THE CHIEF CHARACTER: MR. FRED
PAUL AS LORD KITCHENER.

Ever since that fatal 5th of June, 1916, when the cruiser "Hampshire," with Lord Kitchener on board, was mined and sunk off the Orkneys, rumour and romance have been busy with the tragic story. The theory that Lord Kitchener met his doom through treachery has always been ridiculed by the Admiralty. It finds its latest expression in a film entitled "How Kitchener Was Betrayed," of which a private view was recently given to over two hundred M.P.s at the

West End Kinema. A minor part is taken by Sir George Arthur, who was at one time Lord Kitchener's secretary, and wrote his biography. A ban has been placed on the film by the War Office. At the private view, protests against certain episodes in the film were made by Lord Kitchener's sister, Miss Kitchener, General Sir George Macdonogh, and also by several M.P.s who were among the audience.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SCREEN PLAYS, LTD.]

A Historic Scottish Ruin Announced for Sale: Tantallon Castle, near North Berwick.



THRICE BESIEGED AND TWICE CAPTURED: THE RUINS OF TANTALLON CASTLE, ON THE COAST OF HADDINGTONSHIRE.

It was recently announced that the ruins of Tantallon Castle were to be included in the sale of Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple's North Berwick estate by Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley. The defences of the castle were immensely strong. Seawards it was protected by sheer precipices, and landwards by huge

walls and towers and three great ditches. It is a place of great historic interest. Here the Earl of Angus held out against the whole Scottish army led by King James V., his stepson. In later times Tantallon was captured by the Covenanters, and Cromwell took it from the Marquess of Douglas.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD SCOTT. BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK, AND RUTLEY.

DISARMAMENT DAY AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE; THE

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY F. MATON, C.N., UNDERWOOD AND



A MONS PILGRIMAGE ON ARMISTICE DAY: WREATHS ON THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE.



GERMANY'S "CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY" IN LONDON: HERR HUGO STINNES.



A MOMENTOUS OCCASION AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE: DISARMAMENT TO THE

"I MUST DO PENANCE": MR. GANDHI, THE GREAT AGITATOR IN INDIA.



BURIAL OF AMERICA'S "UNKNOWN"; AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

UNDERWOOD, HENRI MANUEL, TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND INTERNATIONAL.



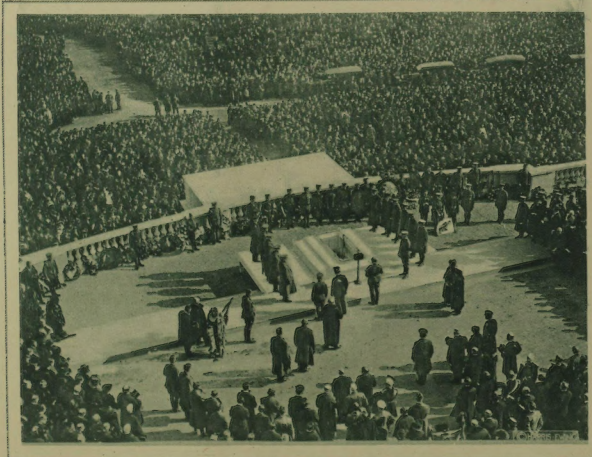
MR. HUGHES READING HIS GREAT SCHEME OF NAVAL ASSEMBLED DELEGATES.



THE FAILURE OF THE EGYPTIAN NEGOTIATIONS: ADLY PASHA, PREMIER, WHO HAS LEFT LONDON.



VISIBLE FROM THREE VILLAGES: A SUFFOLK WAR MEMORIAL BUILT BY LORD IVEAGH.



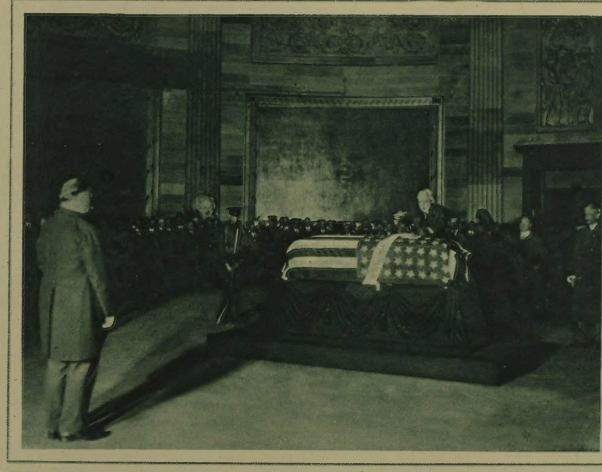
AMERICA'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR LAID IN THE NATIONAL "VALHALLA": LEADERS OF THE UNITED STATES GATHERED ROUND THE GRAVE AT ARLINGTON.



THE SINN FEIN LEADER IN ACADEMIC GARB, WITH CHANCELLOR IN DUBLIN.



GIRLS IN UNIFORM AT ATTENTION: MR. DE VALERA CHANCELLOR IN DUBLIN.



AMERICA'S "UNKNOWN" IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT HARDING LAYING ON THE COFFIN THE BRONZE SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

At Mons on Armistice Day a pilgrimage was made to the cemetery, where flowers were placed on the Cross of Sacrifice, which stands over the British graves, commemorating the battle of August 23, 1914. Speeches were delivered by the Deputy Burgomaster and others, including Major Ingpen, of the British Graves Commission.—Herr Stinnes, the German financier, who recently came to London "for private business purposes," possesses vast holdings in foreign industrial concerns. He first made himself notorious at the Spa Conference, and is now believed to be plotting to make Germany bankrupt.—The upper central photograph shows the historic scene in the Conference Hall at Washington on the opening day, November 12, when Secretary Hughes, the Chairman, and Head of the United States Delegation, was reading his great scheme of naval disarmament. To left of him in the photograph are seen the other U.S. Delegates, (from left to right) Senator Underwood, Mr. Elihu Root, and Senator Lodge. To right of Mr. Hughes are (left to right) Mr. Balfour (elbow on table), Lord Lee of Fareham, and Sir Auckland Geddes. At the left end of the table sit M. Briand and M. Viviani, representing France. Just behind (and to right of) Mr. Hughes is General Pershing; behind (and to right of) Sir Auckland Geddes is Mr. Hoover; and behind Senator Underwood is Mr. Samuel Gompers, the American Labour leader. In the extreme right foreground, wearing a white turban, is Mr. Srinavasa Sastri, the Indian delegate.—Adly Pasha,

the Premier of Egypt, left London for Cairo on November 20, after the breakdown of his negotiations with the Foreign Office regarding Egyptian independence.—The memorial column, 128 ft. high, erected by Lord Iveagh on his Elveden estate in Suffolk to men of Elveden, Eriswell, and Ikingham, who fell in the war, was unveiled on November 21 by Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. On November 21, M. Briand, the French Premier, spoke at Washington explaining the position of France in regard to the German menace and the problem of land disarmament. Agreement with the speech was expressed by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hughes.—The body of the United States Unknown Warrior from France was brought up the Potomac River to Washington in the U.S.S. "Olympia" and placed on November 9 in the Rotunda at the Capitol. There the leaders of the nation paid tribute to it, and President Harding laid on the coffin the bronze seal of the United States bearing 49 stars. Chief Justice Taft (ex-President) is seen in the left foreground of our photograph. Later, the British wreaths, including one from the King, were laid upon it. On Armistice Day (the 11th) took place the great ceremony in the national cemetery at Arlington, where the "Unknown," borne in procession from the Capitol, was buried in a white marble tomb. Among the medals laid on the coffin was the Victoria Cross, placed by Admiral Beatty.—On November 19 Mr. de Valera, the Sinn Féin leader, was installed as Chancellor of the National University at Dublin.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, FLORENCE VANDAMM, RUSSELL, AND I.B.; PORTRAIT OF SIR BORLASE CHILDS BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.D.E. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED).



THE FIRST MAN TO FILM THE CUCKOO: MR. EDGAR CHANCE.



SOCIALIST AND PATRIOT: THE LATE MR. H. M. HYNDMAN.



A GREAT RAILWAY BUILDER: THE LATE SIR DOUGLAS FOX.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TRINIDAD: COLONEL S. H. WILSON.



THE NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN: THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, K.T., D.S.O.



CONCLUDER OF THE FRANCO-TURKISH PACT AT ANGORA: M. FRANKLIN BOUILLON (LEFT) GOING TO CONFER WITH KEMAL PASHA.



A SCOTLAND YARD APPOINTMENT: GENERAL SIR BORLASE CHILDS.



TWO FAMOUS BRITONS ADMITTED TO THE "GREAT, GLORIOUS AND JOVIAL COMPANY" OF WRITERS HONOURED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS: THE CEREMONY OF CONFERRING DEGREES ON SIR JAMES FRAZER AND MR. RUDYARD KIPLING AT THE SORBONNE.

Mr. Edgar Chance is the well-known naturalist cinematographer who has shown for the first time the true laying habits of the cuckoo, in a remarkable film illustrated and explained elsewhere in this number.—Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the veteran Socialist, who founded the Social Democratic Federation and the newspaper "Justice," died at Hampstead, aged 79, on November 22.—Sir Douglas Fox, who died in his eighty-second year on November 13, was a famous railway engineer, like his father, the late Sir Charles Fox, who was associated with the early days of railways.—Colonel S.H. Wilson, the new Governor of Trinidad, was lately Principal Assistant Secretary of the Imperial Defence Committee.—The Duke of Atholl, who succeeds the late Lord Sandhurst as Lord Chamberlain, was formerly (as Marquess of Tullibardine) M.P. for West Perthshire. He served in Gallipoli and Egypt as Brigadier-General.—

M. Franklin Bouillon recently signed on behalf of France an Agreement with the Nationalist Turks at Angora, since the subject of an exchange of Notes between the British and French Governments.—Major-General Sir Borlase Childs has succeeded Sir Basil Thomson as head of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard. A photograph of Sir Borlase cleaning his motor-car appears on a later page, with some details of his career.—At the Sorbonne, on November 19, the University of Paris conferred the honorary degree of Doctor on Sir James Frazer, the famous anthropologist, author of "The Golden Bough," and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is seen in our photograph sixth from the left in the front row on the dais. President Millerand presided, attended by M. Bérard, Minister of Education, and the degrees were conferred by M. Appell, Rector of the University. Later, the recipients were entertained at a banquet.

IRELAND IS NOT "A DOMESTIC MATTER": A FAR-SIGHTED UNIONIST.

FROM THE PORTRAIT OF LORD DERBY BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A., IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY EXHIBITION. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.
 PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL LAIB.



THERE are only two alternatives. One is to come to some agreement, and the other, force of arms. I quite understand and sympathise with the feelings of those, especially in Ireland, who dislike the idea of negotiations with men at whose hands they have suffered, and are suffering. But memories are rather short, and in a few years' time, after a settlement is arrived at out of this Conference, a settlement acceptable to all, people will not ask who were the people who made that settlement. If, on the other hand, a settlement was not attempted, and force of arms was used, people would ask whether every avenue had been explored before the worse alternative was adopted."—EXTRACT FROM LORD DERBY'S SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL.

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL UNIONIST ASSOCIATION: "THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G."

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN'S PORTRAIT.

At the recent conference of the National Unionist Association held at Liverpool, where Colonel Gretton moved a resolution on behalf of the "Die-hards" ignoring the Irish Conference, Lord Derby threw his weight into the scale in favour of the amendment proposed by Sir Archibald Salvidge, expressing "earnest hope that a solution of the Irish difficulties may be found in the Conference." The amendment was carried by an overwhelming majority, fewer than seventy voting for the "Diehard" resolution out of 1800 delegates present. Referring

to the two and a-half years which he had spent, since the war, in Paris, where he was British Ambassador, Lord Derby said: "I found then what an illusion it was to think that this Irish question is a domestic matter. It is a question that affects our relations, not only with foreign countries, not only with America, but, what is infinitely worse, with the various Dominions. It is essential, therefore, that this sore, which is poisoning these relations, should, if possible, be healed." He pointed out how disastrous war in Ireland would be.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THERE are signs that the fortress of the Realists in English fiction is assailed. One could quote a string of titles from the lists of new novels, that merely as titles, if nothing more, show that the authors are occupying themselves with the Romantic idea, or perhaps that their publishers think Romance a good card to play, or even "force." In his introduction to Cabell's astonishing "JURGEN" (Lane; 25s.), a book that has been a very apple of discord in America, Mr. Hugh Walpole numbered himself among those "who are sighing for the return of fantasy, of romance, of colour, and of imagination." He recalls that this year, 1921, has brought us J. D. Beresford's "Signs and Wonders" and De La Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget," besides the controversial work in question, and he asks, "May this not be the beginning of a fine English return to Imagination? and how thankful some of us will be if it is!"

Had he written that preface a few months later, Mr. Walpole would have been able to extend his list by several remarkable novels, always supposing that these jumped with his fancy. It is not for another to stake out claims upon the novelist's possible preferences, but there is at least a sporting chance that he would have been unable to escape the glamour of Mr. Brett Young's "THE RED KNIGHT" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), which asserts its place with the best of recent English romantic novels. Be that as it may, Mr. Walpole has heard the voice of the Siren Romance bidding him explore with his own pen the avenues of the utter Fantastic, and he has dutifully obeyed. The result is before us in "THE YOUNG ENCHANTED, A ROMANTIC STORY" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), a book about which opinions are likely to differ sharply. Some will doubt if it attains that ineffable quality of which the author went in quest. But he at least seems to think he has found what he was after, for he has classified it formally with those earlier works of his which he wishes to be known as his Romances, *au pied de la lettre*—"Maradick at Forty," "The Prelude to Adventure," "Fortitude," and "The Duchess of Wrexhe."

Merely as a sign of the times, the prominence given to romance may justify a short list of recent titles. *Place aux dames*—take first "THE ROMANTIC LADY," by Michael Arlen (Collins; 7s. 6d.), a very cunning book, principally for the worldly-minded, but enlightening to the unworldly. Then "THE ROAD TO ROMANCE" is pointed out by Mr. Andrew Soutar (Murray; 7s. 6d.); and if you miss your way, Mr. Denis Mackail summons "ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), which, as Lancelot Gobbo might say, is "a sufficient coming in."

There can never be any definition of Romance, and vain is the task of those who seek it. But by

suggestion and allusion it is possible, now and then, to catch some glimpse of the intangible thing. Even that comes not by observation. The interpreter may not even speak the word "Romance," and yet may bring us to its very threshold. This excellent thing has happened in one essay of Mr. E. B. Osborn's "LITERATURE AND LIFE" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), where he speaks of those few poets who have found "the unseen abiding-place of the Unknown Muse, and received from her the singing-robe of other-worldliness."

The Douglas had a glimpse of the realms of the Unknown Muse when, on the night before his death-in-victory, he dreamed "a wearie dream, beyond the Isle of Skye"; and Keats, too, when he looked through "magic casements" . . . or heard "elfin storms . . . of haggard seeming" afar, or had his sad vision of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." Shelley, hidden in the light of thought, often discerned those mystical meadows, full of flowers unknown to earth, and Blake pitched his wandering tent at the boundary thereof.

It is the veiled form, underlying such a pregnant passage as this, that poets and novelists seek when

variation of pastime with good company, and romantic, too, in its degree.

Among the new novels is one that provides a partial reply to a question of romance and realism mooted long ago by Andrew Lang. "Pictures of Oxford from the undergraduate side," said the critic, "are generally false. They are either drawn by an aspirant who is his own hero and who idealises himself and his friends, or they are designed by ladies who have read 'Verdant Green,' and who at some period have paid a flying visit to Cambridge. . . . The picture daubed by some emancipated undergraduate who dabbles in fiction is unrecognisable. He makes himself and his friends too large, too noisy, too bibulous, too learned, too extravagant, too pugnacious." All which is painfully true, and few novelists of Oxford have escaped the censure, but I venture to think that the happy mean between these extremes

has been struck by Mr. G. P. Robinson in his new novel, "THE DEBT" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), where the Oxford characters have just the right amount of folly, earnestness, high spirits, moderate erudition, and gentlemanly decency proper to the average undergraduate. The effect is got by an avoidance of superfluity, that is itself of the essence of Oxford teaching. The novel, although not primarily academic, should be particularly interesting to the great host of university men who served in the war. For its appeal it depends partly on the occult, which serves also as the ally of romance in "Adrienne Toner," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Arnold; 7s. 6d.), "The Man on the Other Side," by Ada Barnett (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), "Garth," by Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Parsons; 8s. 6d.), and

the opening story of Miss Beatrice Harraden's new book, "Thirteen All Told" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.).

The "romance of science" has become a jargon phrase that carries on its face a deterrent, but not when the interpreter of nature is the late J. Henri Fabre, the "Insects' Homer," who, never forcing his effect or departing from the fact, by the fact stimulates the precious faculty of wonder. Side by side with Mr. Teixeira de Mattos' translations of Fabre's works, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton continue the Fabre Story Book Series, designed specially for children, but equally fascinating to grown-ups. They will be lucky young people to whom this Christmas brings the most recent volume of the series, "THE WONDER BOOK OF SCIENCE," or one or all of its companions—"The Story Book of Birds and Beasts" and "The Story Book of the Fields." These delightful volumes rouse the envy of older people who, in their youth, had to be content with the less outwardly attractive natural-history books of the Rev. J. G. Wood—excellent things, but lacking the magician's touch of the great Frenchman.



SCENE-CHANGING BY LIGHT APPLIED TO SHAKESPEARE: M. PITOËFF'S REMARKABLE "SINGLE" SETTING FOR "MACBETH" AT GENEVA.

For his recent production of "Macbeth" at Geneva, M. Pitoëff, a well-known actor-manager, has devised an ingenious setting in which numerous changes of scene are effected by the distribution of lights and shadows, apparently somewhat on the lines of M. Samoiloff's method now used at the London Hippodrome. Describing M. Pitoëff's setting (here illustrated), a French writer says: "Fully lit, it becomes part of a Gothic castle. Above the arch formed by the two stairways, on the left, is the entrance to a guard-room; the stair on the right disappears into gloom, suggesting invisible upper storeys inhabited. Below the arch, opening downwards, is a lower hall, where people are seen only half-length. Finally, in the left foreground, begins a stair descending into the castle's mysterious depths. M. Pitoëff's setting is 'cubic' in the geometrical sense, but has no affinity with 'Cubism.' He does not aim at sensation, or at a setting adaptable to every piece. A good setting, he thinks, must create an atmosphere, without losing itself in details that divert the spectator's attention from the play. He proposes to give 'Macbeth' in Paris." Last spring he produced "Hamlet" at Geneva.

they pursue Romance; but few there be that find it.

A more material and scientific analysis, a book concerned with the technique rather than with the spirit of fiction, appears in Mr. Jonathan Capes' list. "THE CRAFT OF FICTION" (9s.), by Percy Lubbock, inquires into the form of the novel, and suggests critical methods of realising it. Have any of my readers, I wonder, tried an experiment (not proposed by Mr. Lubbock) that may seem a little *outré*, but one that offers amusement and perhaps some instruction for a leisure hour? It is to take some familiar novel and read it backwards, chapter by chapter. I can promise you revelations in this matter of mere disclosure of form. You will see how the parts fit together; and detect the scaffolding of the work in a way impossible to straightforward reading. A good example to start with is "The Tale of Two Cities." You may think you know already all the threads of that close web, and how they cross and intermingle to completion; but try backwards, and see what you discover. It is a pleasant

“THE HUNT IS UP!” NOTED MASTERS; AND SOME OPENING MEETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTO. ILLUS. CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, KETURAH COLLINGS, TOPICAL, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



CAMBS: (JOINT)
MR. D. CROSSMAN.



BROCKLESBY: LORD
YARBOROUGH (JOINT).



A WELL-KNOWN BERKSHIRE PACK: THE OPENING MEET
OF THE GARTH FOXHOUNDS AT STANLAKE PARK.



DAVIES'S, AND UNITED:
MAJ. D. DAVIES, M.P.



BLACKMORE VALE:
MAJ. WINGFIELD DIGBY.



BRAMHAM MOOR: LT.-
COL. LANE FOX (JT.).



CARMARTHENSHIRE:
SIR O. PHILIPPS (JT.).



WOODLAND PYTCHLEY:
CAPT. G. BELVILLE.



HAMBLEDON: MR.
SAMUEL HARDY.



FOXHUNTING IN WALES AGAIN IN FULL SWING: A MEET OF THE FLINT AND DENBIGH HOUNDS AT THE TRAVELLERS INN, NEAR ST. ASAPH.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE QUORN AT KIRBY GATE ON NOVEMBER 14:
GOING TO DRAW.



WITH THE PYTCHLEY FOR THE NEW SEASON: HOUNDS ON THE WAY
TO A MEET AT OXENDEN.

The foxhunting season began officially on November 1, but in some places, especially in the Southern Counties, the hardness of the ground after the long dry summer delayed serious operations for a time. On the other hand, the drought is said to have favoured the foxes, which are strong, well-grown, and plentiful, and during the previous three months of cub-hunting gained a good knowledge of their country. There is some shortage of hounds; distemper was

severe last year, and almost as bad in the spring; but the number of puppies sent out to walk is said to have increased. Despite the high cost of hunters and the general scarcity of money, almost as many people as ever seem to be hunting this winter. Indeed, there has been far less change in this time-honoured sport than might have been expected. On this and other pages we give portraits of well-known Masters or Joint Masters.

"BOTH HORSES AND HOUNDS, HOW THEY PANT TO BE GONE!" THE HUNTING SEASON—MASTERS AND MEETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, NUTURAH COLLINGS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AT THE PERCY HUNT'S OPENING MEET: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



FERMIE: MRS. WALTER FABER (JOINT M.F.H.).



WEST SOMERSET AND QUANTOCK: LIEUT.-COL. D. F. MOLES.



A HUNT THAT WAS LONG THE WHADDON CHASE—THE OPENING

CENTRE OF CONTROVERSY: THE MEET AT CRESLOW, BUCKS.



MASTER OF THE LAMERTON: CAPT. G. BABINGTON, M.C.



SOUTH SHROPSHIRE: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR E. A. H. ALDERSON.



THE ZETLAND: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF ZETLAND WITH MR. HERBERT STRAKER (JOINT MASTER).



DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S: THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.



HERTFORDSHIRE: LORD LUDLOW.



V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S): EARL BATHURST.



ALDRINGTON: BRIG.-GEN. T. E. HICKMAN, M.P. (JOINT).



OLD BERKELEY: MR. E. T. TYRWHITT DRAKE.



DULVERTON: LORD POLTMORE.



CATTISTOCK: THE REV. E. A. MILNE (JOINT MASTER).



PORTMAN: CAPT. W. P. BROWNE, M.C.



QUORN: MAJOR A. E. BURKADY (JOINT MASTER).



SOUTHWOLD: MR. J. W. RAMSDEN (JOINT MASTER).



AT LUTON HOO, THE HOME OF LORD AND LADY LUDLOW: THE OPENING MEET OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE—LORD LUDLOW, M.F.H. (IN CENTRE).



WITH A WELL-KNOWN HUNT IN THE HOME COUNTIES: THE OPENING MEET OF THE SURREY UNION AT ANSTIE GRANGE, HOLMWOOD.



WYLYE VALLEY: MR. R. H. H. EDEN.



ATHERSTONE: MAJOR H. HAWKINS.

Here and on two other pages in this number we give portraits of 'notable Masters (or Joint Masters) of Foxhounds, together with photographs taken at some of the opening meets. The quotation in the heading is drawn from a West Country hunting song, "Arcscott of Tetcott," included in Hawker's "Cornish Ballads." It opens as follows: "On the Ninth of November, in the year fifty-two, Three jolly foxhunters, all sons of true blue, They rode from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat, To take their diversion with Arcscott of Tetcott. He went to his Kennel and took them within: 'On Monday,' said Arcscott, 'our

joys shall begin. Both horses and hounds, how they pant to be gone! How they'll follow afoot, not forgetting Black John.'" Foxhunting still keeps its fascination for our countrymen, as in days of old, and it has its modern singer in the person of Mr. John Masefield, whose "Reynard the Fox" describes a wonderful run in vivid verse. Hunting is still the sport *par excellence* of English country life, and, incidentally, the cause of much good cheer, exchange of anecdote, and social festivities, as witness the many hunt balls arranged for the present season.

TALLY HO!—NOTABLE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS; AND OPENING MEETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, ERIC GUY (BASINGSTOKE), G.P.U. AND PHOTOPRESS.



HUNTING IN THE ROYAL COUNTY: THE OPENING MEET OF THE SOUTH BERKSHIRE FOXHOUNDS AT THE "ELM TREE," BEECH HILL, NEAR READING.



DAUGHTERS OF DIANA: FAIR RIDERS TO HOUNDS AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE GRAFTON HUNT AT PRESTON CAPES—MOVING OFF.



PYCHLEY: LT.-COL. SIR C. LOWTHER (J.T.)



WHADDON CHASE: THE EARL OF ORKNEY.



BICESTER: MAJ. J. P. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE.



EAST SUSSEX: LIEUT. COM. H. S. EGERTON.



HURWORTH: LORD SOUTHAMPTON.



GRAFTON: LORD HILLINGDON.



THE HUNTSMAN-MASTER OF THE GARTH HOUNDS: MAJOR L. A. JACKSON LEAVING COVER IN BRAMSHILL PARK.



KILDARE (IRELAND): BARON DE ROBECK.



YORK AND AINSTY: CAPT. H. WHITWORTH.



WARWICKSHIRE: MR. J. FIELDEN (JOINT).



WEST NORFOLK: LT.-COL. C. D. SEYMOUR.



BELVOIR: MAJOR T. BOUCH.



HOLDERNESS: CAPT. J. HARRISON-BROADLEY.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE TICKHAM HOUNDS AT SHARSTED COURT, NEAR SITTINGBOURNE: THE MASTER, CAPT. E. S. DAWES, AND THE WHIPPERS-IN.



HUNTING IN THE LAND OF HARRY HOTSPUR: THE OPENING MEET OF THE PERCY FOXHOUNDS AT ALNWICK CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ireland, as well as England, is a great fox-hunting country, as we are reminded by the portrait on this page of the Master of the Kildare, Baron de Robeck. Many amusing memories of Irish hunting fields are to be found in a recent book by Miss Dorothea Conyers, "Sporting Reminiscences." There is no room here for anecdotes, but the following few words, describing the general stir of

anticipation as a meet moves off, are appropriate to several of our photographs. "The push to your hat—no one could start without that—the taking up of reins, the pricked-ear excitement of the good hunter you ride, the hounds slipping out of cover, and the short, sharp twang of 'Gone away!'—is there anything like it on earth as one gallops up the first field?"

THE CAMBRIDGE UNION SOCIETY CENTENARY: THE DEBATE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEARN AND SONS, CAMBRIDGE.



THE Duke of York said: "Mr. President, I must say that I have never been so frightened in my life. I have listened to many fine speeches delivered from where I am now standing, and I never thought that I should be called upon to get up myself. I know I shall not live up to it, but I am going to say a very few words, the sincerity of which, I hope, will make up for the lack of eloquence. I can only say what a very great pleasure it is to me to come here on such a unique occasion as the centenary of this very honourable Society, and assure you that it will always be a joy to me to come back to Cambridge, where I spent so many happy months. I confess that as an old undergraduate I am very relieved that I shall be able to walk out of this

place after the debate, down the very dark lane which leads from the quiet repose of this dignified building to the noise and din of the outer world, without any anxiety lest I may be pounced upon. (Loud and prolonged laughter.) That did occur to me the last time I left this House. The cigarette I was then smoking was the most expensive one I have ever smoked. It was valued at 6s. 8d. by the authorities, by whom, with their high sense of duty, but lack of sympathy, I was duly relieved of that sum. . . . I want to thank you all very much indeed for the wonderful reception and warm welcome you have given me here to-night. . . . I am very proud of being a Cambridge man, and I am exceedingly proud of being a life member of this famous Union."

CAMBRIDGE VINDICATES "THESE GEORGIAN DAYS" AGAINST THE VICTORIANS, IN THE PRESENCE OF A GEORGIAN PRINCE: THE UNION SOCIETY'S CENTENARY DEBATE BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK (NEXT BUT ONE TO LEFT OF CHAIR).

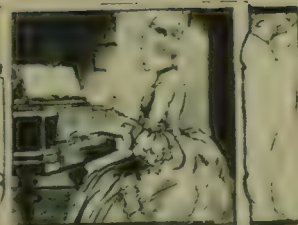
The centenary of the Cambridge Union Society was celebrated on November 15 by a dinner and debate, and the Duke of York, who was staying with the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Mr. C. R. W. Adeane, at Babraham Hall, was present as the Society's guest. The President, Mr. G. W. Theobald, of Emmanuel, was in the chair during the first part of the debate, when the above photograph was taken. He expressed the Society's welcome to his Royal Highness, who replied in the happy words quoted above. After a speech from Mr. Sydney Gedge (next but one to right of Chair), Secretary in 1852, the chair was taken by Viscount Ullswater, better known as Mr. James Lowther, the ex-Speaker of

of the House of Commons (seen next to the Duke of York to left), who gave some amusing reminiscences and the following advice to young orators—"Stand up; speak up, shut up!" The debate then followed. Canon E. W. Barnes moved "That in the opinion of this House the reaction from Victorianism is proving the curse of the age." General Seely, M.P. (seen to right of table), opposed, and upheld the superiority of "these Georgian days." Voting resulted in 119 for the motion, and 380 against it—a majority of 261 against. The centenary celebration was six years overdue, for the Union Society was founded in 1815, the year of Waterloo. But in 1915 the University was empty, engaged in a still greater war.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



THE BRITISH BALLET.

THE vogue of the Russian Ballet during the past few years has caused many musicians to ask why the Russians should have a monopoly of this class of spectacle, and whether it would not be possible to create an art of ballet that should be clearly and definitely our own. It is a matter of common knowledge that both M. Diaghilev's ballet and Mme. Pavlova's have numbered among their members several English dancers, although their names may have been disguised by Slavonic terminations. Nor was it really necessary for them to have a Russian training in the fundamental technique of ballet-dancing. All over England there are pantomimes, revues, and variety entertainments which exhibit dancing on a high level of accomplishment. The Diaghilev Ballet has certainly shown us individual dancers whose art has a personality that is unique; but, however much the stars may constitute the attraction to the general public, they are not the feature which has made artists and musicians in England begin to regard the ballet as a serious work of art. The real importance of the Diaghilev Ballet lies in its combination of the arts, in its maintenance of the principle that ballet-music must be thoroughly good music from a musician's point of view, that the scenic decoration of a ballet must be the work not of an ordinary scene-painter, but of a genuine artist.

Our English ballets of a generation ago were charming entertainments, but they were hardly to be considered as works of art. The dancing was the best part of them. The music was seldom of much importance, the decoration achieved no more than prettiness. And since those days there has sprung up, too, the interest in our own traditional folk-dances. The Russians have given us classical ballet, but many of their admirers have been still more attracted by those ballets which were specifically Russian or Spanish.

When people talk now of an English art of ballet, it is a new kind of art to which they are aspiring. They want to see a ballet which shall be an all-round work of art, and an all-round English work of art. It has been a disappointment to many musicians here that M. Diaghilev has never produced a ballet by an English composer, decorated by an English designer. There are some even who think that he ought to have sat at the feet of Mr. Cecil Sharp, and made his dancers take lessons in morris-dances and country dances.

An Englishwoman has now started a British ballet on her own responsibility—Miss Marian Wilson, whose name will be known to many as the designer of the dances in "The Beggar's Opera." Miss Wilson has wisely begun on a modest scale. There is nothing sensational about her entertainment at the Kingsway Theatre, but she has provided a programme that has a great deal of charm and beauty, with an individual character of its own. She has shown herself capable of some courage, too. When she first opened her season, she made a few mistakes of judgment, and was very keenly criticised. At once she closed her theatre for a week or so, and, after renewed rehearsals, opened it again last week with a fresh programme. The difference was extraordinary. The ballets which had been still kept in the bill were polished up and improved out of all knowledge, and the new items were original in design and very cleverly carried out. If Miss Wilson goes on improving her ballet at the rate of progress that she has shown in a single month, she ought to reach considerable heights.

The chief attraction of the new programme is still Mozart's

delightful ballet, "Les Petits Riens." It is not a well-known work of Mozart, for the score was lost after the original performance at Paris in 1778, and was not re-discovered until 1873. It is a work of Mozart's youth, and shows very



A GREAT SUCCESS: MISS BERTHA LEWIS IN "PATIENCE."

Miss Bertha Lewis has made a great hit as Lady Jane in "Patience," in the Gilbert and Sullivan Season at the Princes' Theatre.

Photograph by Bassano.

markedly the influence of Gluck's operatic ballets. It presents three episodes, after the manner of Watteau or Fragonard—Cupid caught in a net, Cupid making lovers play at blind man's buff, and,

lastly, playing a trick on two foolish shepherdesses by making them fall in love with a supposed shepherd who, to their discomfiture, is found to be merely another shepherdess dressed up in male costume. Miss Wilson herself takes the part of Cupid with a very piquant grace.

English music is represented by two little ballets shown for the first time. The first is a Victorian *divertissement* set to music by Sterndale Bennett. To go to Sterndale Bennett for ballet music was a decidedly new idea, and, as it turns out, a very happy one. The music has been selected from his pianoforte pieces, mainly from the "Preludes and Lessons," which are admirably suited to the purpose. It has been orchestrated for the occasion by Mr. Leslie Heward, who has caught the spirit of the original with very imaginative delicacy. The most successful number is the little piece which Sterndale Bennett called "The Butterfly"—one of those tricky things which look so easy and are so difficult to play, always doing the unexpected instead of the obvious. It is exquisitely danced as a solo by Miss Claire Divina.

The other English ballet is called "Pandora." It begins with a dance for Pandora and her husband, Epimetheus, an amusing exaggeration of the attitudes and costumes of archaic Greek vase-painting. Pandora opens her box, which in this case appears to be a large strong-room, and lets out the Seven Deadly Sins and a few other unpleasant figures, including Respectability, who is certainly very English. At the end Hope appears in the person of Miss Marian Wilson. Mr. Josef Holbrooke has composed some suitably grotesque music for this little piece, which is remarkable for the swiftness and conciseness with which it tells its story. It is, indeed, more of a *mannequin* parade than a ballet. There is hardly time for the characters to dance. The result is extremely amusing and original.

As a contrast to the ballets, the programme includes Mr. Yeats's little play in verse, "The Land of Heart's Desire," with music to the song arranged from Mr. Martin Shaw's beautiful setting. Miss Wilson's company seem to be required to do all kinds of work. She herself takes the part of the fairy child. Mr. Hugh Owen, who takes Shawn Bruin, designs the costumes for the ballets and dances in them as well. The individual acting is not very outstanding; Mr. Leslie Frith, as Father Hart, is the best of the players. But they all speak their verse like verse, with a sense of continuous rhythm, in which the movements and gestures find their appropriate rhythmical places, and by this means the performance acquires a feeling of real poetry.

Some critics have complained that there is no element of English folk-dance in Miss Wilson's ballets. As a matter of fact, her dancers use many steps and capers that are characteristic of English folk-dances, but as they are not dressed in blue frocks and white flannels these things pass unnoticed. The revival of English folk-dancing depends largely for its effect on the music, on the costumes, and on the natural surroundings to which it properly belongs. It is quite right that all these things should be taken into consideration; but for ballet purposes they have to be separated, analysed, and probably modified. What the folk-dance enthusiasts want of Miss Wilson is, I suspect, not the details, but the general effect. Perhaps in a subsequent performance she will use her ingenuity to content them.



AN INTERESTING GROUP: MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS, MR. ARNOLD BAX, MR. ARTHUR BLISS, AND MISS DOROTHY MOULTON.

Mr. Eugene Goossens is at present conducting a series of most interesting orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall, as well as the Russian Ballet at the Alhambra, and the Wagnerian Operas at Covent Garden.—Mr. Arnold Bax and Mr. Arthur Bliss are amongst the leading composers in England.—Miss Dorothy Moulton, who has just returned from a very successful tour on the Continent, where she sang songs by Goossens, Bax, and Bliss, gave a recital in London the other day devoted to modern music.

Photograph by Topical.

THE FIRST FILM PASSION PLAY: A CINEMATOGRAPH "OBERAMMERGAU."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANKL, BERLIN.



"AND WHEN HE WAS COME INTO JERUSALEM, ALL THE CITY WAS MOVED": CHRIST (ADOLF FASSNACHT) AND HIS DISCIPLES, FOLLOWED BY THE MULTITUDE.



"THEN JUDAS, WHICH HAD BETRAYED HIM, WHEN HE SAW THAT HE WAS CONDEMNED, REPENTED HIMSELF": GEORGE FASSNACHT AS JUDAS ISCARIOT TORTURED BY REMORSE.



"THEN JESUS SAID UNTO THE CHIEF PRIESTS, AND CAPTAINS OF THE TEMPLE, AND THE ELDERS. . . . BE YE COME OUT, AS AGAINST A THIEF, WITH SWORDS AND STAVES?" THE BETRAYAL AFTER THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



"AND WHEN THEY HAD PLATTED A CROWN OF THORNS, THEY PUT IT UPON HIS HEAD, AND A REED IN HIS RIGHT HAND": CHRIST SCOURGED.



"MARTHA RECEIVED HIM INTO HER HOUSE. AND SHE HAD A SISTER CALLED MARY": CHRIST BIDDING THEM FAREWELL AT BETHANY.

The presentment of the Gospel narrative on the cinematograph is an innovation which many may regard with distrust, if not with active disapproval. The experiment must be judged on the spirit and surroundings in which it is made. Passion plays were, of course, often given under the auspices of the Church in the Middle Ages, and in modern times that produced at Oberammergau every ten years has long been famous and has won acceptance for its reverent character. It is to be resumed next year, after being in abeyance, owing to the war, since 1910. The picture theatre is merely another form of dramatic representation.

It has not yet acquired the high prestige of the regular stage, yet we may recall that at the recent Church Congress its moral and educative influence was strongly commended, in an address by Mr. A. E. Newbould, M.P. The first film production of a Passion Play, illustrated here, was done by the well-known Bavarian Passion-players, the brothers Adolf and George Fassnacht, on the great open-air stage at Freiburg, in the Black Forest. This stage, said to be the largest in the world, is 600 ft. wide by 300 ft. deep, and the seats hold 10,000 spectators. It is proposed to give the Passion Play there every year.



THE CARAVAN ROUTE.

The scene is laid in the Nubian desert, which is traversed by many caravan routes between Libya and the Red Sea. All strangers encountered on a journey are regarded as enemies unless and until they are proved to be friendly. The occasion depicted is the discovery of a laager of Bashaïn by some Bedouin

scouts, who are reconnoitring the position on camel-back. Both parties, it will be noted, have their firearms ready. Such incidents, the artist relates have happened more than once within his own experience while travelling in the desert.

FROM THE PICTURE, "RECONNOITRE," BY R. TALBOT KELLY, R.I., R.B.C.; EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS EXHIBITION, 1921. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.

NO LONGER "BUT A WANDERING VOICE": CUCKOO SECRETS FILMED.

COPYRIGHT FILM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. EDGAR CHANCE.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S "OBSERVATION POSTS": ONE OF THE HIDING-PLACES UNDER REPAIR, TO MAINTAIN EFFECTIVE CONCEALMENT.



SHOWING A TREE (X) WHERE THE CUCKOO SAT ON MANY OCCASIONS BEFORE GOING TO LAY: MR. CHANCE ENTERING HIS HIDING-PLACE.



A CUCKOO (CENTRE) ON THE NEST OF A MEADOW PIPIT (HIGHER TO LEFT.)

TO Mr. Edgar Chance belongs the unique distinction of being the first man in history to fathom the secret of how a cuckoo lays its eggs for subsequent hatching and rearing by foster-parents. During four years of organised research, Mr. Chance discovered that a cuckoo never lays twice in the same nest. Next, he proved that year after year a cuckoo returns to the same district, and, given the opportunity, lays her eggs at regular time intervals in nests of the same selected species of foster-parents. As the result of these investigations, Mr. Chance has arranged a system whereby he is able to control the nesting operations of every single pair of most probable foster birds in the particular district under investigation, and so regulate the operations of each pair of birds—in this case, meadow pipits—as to force the cuckoo to place her egg in some humanly pre-determined nest on each succeeding laying day. Of sixty-one eggs laid by one cuckoo during four seasons, only three were deposited in nests of birds other than the meadow pipit, and these three were laid on days when there was no meadow pipit accommodation available. Mr. Chance has also established that a cuckoo lays its eggs between noon and four p.m., at approximately forty-eight hours intervals, whilst most other birds lay usually each morning. Before laying, the cuckoo conceals herself in a tree that is suitable for observation of likely nests. She sits there motionless, often for hours, gazing intently towards her dupes and the nest in which she proposes to lay an egg that day. Suddenly she glides from her perch and alights beside the nest—and now we come to the highly interesting incident in the cuckoo's life, which, until the discovery made by Mr. Chance, had never before been noted by ornithologists. Hitherto it was believed that the cuckoo first laid its egg near to, *but not in*, the nest. Then she was supposed to pick up the egg in her beak, place it in the chosen nest, and fly away. However, scientific investigation, with the aid of the cinematograph camera, has proved that the method described is totally incorrect, for photography shows that, having alighted near to the foster bird's nest, the cuckoo, after slight hesitation,

[Continued on opposite page.]

WITH A PIPIT ABOVE AND ANOTHER NEAR: A CUCKOO LAYING IN A DUMMY NEST.



REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY MR. CHANCE: THE CUCKOO REMOVING (IN HER BEAK) A MEADOW PIPIT'S EGG BEFORE LAYING HER OWN.



AFTER BACKING OUT TAIL FIRST, SO AS NOT TO DISTURB GRASSES AND FOLIAGE: A CUCKOO LEAVING A PIPIT'S NEST AFTER LAYING.

New light has been thrown on the mysterious habits of the cuckoo, that "wrecker of homes" in the bird world, by a deeply interesting film taken in Worcestershire by Mr. Edgar Chance, and exhibited privately the other day at the New Gallery Kinema in Regent Street. Mr. Chance, as mentioned in the above article describing the unique discoveries he has made, has devoted four years to the study of the intrusive bird that "ousts the legitimate nest-holder."

The film photographs which we are enabled to reproduce here illustrate some of the most interesting phases of the cuckoo's life, hitherto unknown or misunderstood, which Mr. Chance has succeeded in revealing by his cinematograph. They also show his methods of concealment, involving long and patient waiting inside a small hiding-place. The results of Mr. Chance's work are to form the subject of a book by him to be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, and all

[Continued opposite.]

THE BIRD "HOME-WRECKER" UNMASKED: UNIQUE CUCKOO FILMS.

COPYRIGHT FILM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. EDGAR CHANCE.



"HAVING ALIGHTED NEAR, THE CUCKOO . . . MAKES STRAIGHT FOR THE NEST": A CUCKOO APPROACHING A MEADOW PIPIT'S NEST TO LAY.



"OF 60 EGGS LAID BY 1 CUCKOO IN 4 SEASONS, ONLY 3 WERE IN NESTS OTHER THAN THE MEADOW PIPIT'S": A CUCKOO APPROACHING.



READY TO FEED A HUGE CHANGELING: A PIPIT FOSTER-MOTHER ON A YOUNG CUCKOO.

Continued.
makes straight for the nest, deliberately picks out a meadow pipit's egg, and, whilst impudently holding it in her beak, squats down on the nest. Within ten seconds she lays her own egg amongst the meadow pipit eggs. After laying, she quickly departs tail first, thus leaving the covering grasses and foliage undisturbed. On some occasions the foster-parents accompany and battle with the cuckoo, but at other times they do not put in an appearance at the nest side. With regard to the particular cuckoo seen in our illustration, Mr. Chance believes that she arrived in Worcestershire from her African winter quarters exactly at 9.45 a.m., April 30, 1921. He recognised it as the same cuckoo which had been observed for the preceding three years, because the bird selected the same trees, and even the same branches and twigs upon which she sat previously. In 1920 this cuckoo laid her first of twenty-one eggs on Thursday, May 13, and in 1921 the first of fifteen eggs on Thursday, May 12. During the past season Mr. Chance put to test his theory that the number of eggs each cuckoo lays in a season is, to a large extent, dependent upon the accommodation available for the eggs. Consequently, conditions were created whereby, after the laying of the fifteenth egg, there were no more nests available of the particular species of foster-parents favoured by this cuckoo. Although there were plenty of nests of other species, she did not use them, and continuous search failed to disclose another egg laid by this cuckoo. Another interesting feature is that, in certain cases, the fosterers' nests are so well concealed that the cuckoo, although obviously aware of the approximate location of the nest, is unable to find it, except after repeated searches. In this respect a cuckoo was noticed making a number of attempts on a particular spot with the apparent intention of laying. Hastily and quite conspicuously a nest of eggs was put by one of Mr. Chance's colleagues close to the spot she was trying to find. Shortly afterwards the cuckoo flew to the nest, took an egg from it, and laid her own therein. This experiment was repeated with success several times, on two different cuckoos.



FEEDING A NESTLING TWICE HER OWN SIZE: A TREE PIPIT AND YOUNG CUCKOO.



A YOUNG CUCKOO EJECTING ONE OF ITS FOSTER-BROTHERS FROM THE NEST.



SHOWING THE RELATIVE SIZES: THE EGGS OF A CUCKOO (LEFT) AND PIPIT ON A HUMAN HAND.



A HALF-GROWN CUCKOO, TWELVE DAYS OLD, FILLING UP A PIPIT'S NEST.

Continued.

lovers of natural history will eagerly await its appearance. For the private show of the film, above mentioned, there was a distinguished audience, including Lord Grey of Fallodon, whose sanctuary for wild ducks we recently illustrated, and Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts. Both pointed out, in short speeches, the great educational value of this type of film. Lord Grey said that the future of the world depended to a great extent on

the proper use of such wonderful scientific discoveries as the cinematograph. This particular film, he declared, was a real addition to scientific knowledge. It was the most important contribution that there had been for a long time to the knowledge of one particular bird. The cuckoo is so seldom seen by man that Wordsworth's verse, "Oh, cuckoo; shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?" is easily understood.

THE LURE OF THE "SILVER KING": SCOTTISH SALMON

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOURS AND DRY-POINTS BY NORMAN WILKINSON, AT THE REMBRANDT GALLERY, VIGO STREET. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST



THE ALT DEARGH POOL, SPEY.



THE BOTHY POOL, AWE.

NO lover of fishing and the charm of Scottish rivers should miss the delightful exhibition of water-colours and dry-points illustrating Scottish salmon pools, by Mr. Norman Wilkinson (the famous marine painter and inventor of "dazzle" camouflage) now on view at the Rembrandt Gallery, 5, Vigo Street. We are enabled to reproduce here ten out of the thirty-five water-colours contained in the exhibition. The number of dry-points shown is nine. To add to the interest of these illustrations we give the following article specially written by Mr. A. R. Matthews, Editor of the "Angler's News": "Before one season is over, anglers are picturing silvery salmon leaping at the end of their line in pool and run at the beginning of a new season. Salmon are still bending the rod, as I write in mid-November, on what are known as the late, or back-end, rivers; but with the arrival of December a kind of full intervenes. But not for long. Barely will 1922 have come in when some rivers will again be fishable. These belong to the early group. The last rivers to close their banks to the salmon angler are the Annan, Nith, and Tweed. The Tweed is the latest river.

(Continued opposite.)



GRILSE POOL, SPEY.



FISHING THE INTAKE, SPEY.



THE BRIDGE POOL, CRAIGELLACHIE.

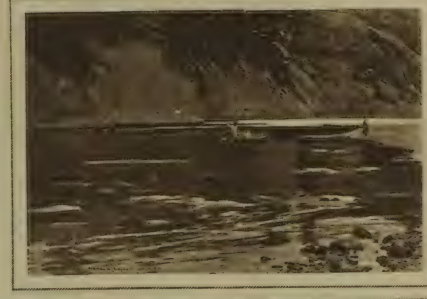
(Continued.) begins to look in sheltered nooks for the 'pale primrose, sweet harbinger of spring,' and the ever-welcome yellow celandine. Down the rivers across the Border rush yellow floods. Banks are often deep with snow. But, despite the wintry weather, many salmon are frequently caught, especially when the rivers have fined down and the salmon are sheltering from the racing stream in the pools and 'lay-ups.' Of the Scottish rivers, the Thurne, in Caithness, opens first for salmon angling—it is fishable on January 11—and the spring season begins on the Tay, Lyon, and Loch Tay four days later. February 1 sees a start made on the Tweed and Loeh Ness, and the Spey, Awe, and numerous other rivers are available on February 11, that month being associated with the general opening of the salmon angling season. The Tay, Awe, Tweed, Dee, Orchy, Spey, and Deveron are famous in angling circles for the size of their fish. A good many 50-pounders and over have rewarded anglers from time to time. The Tay once yielded a

POOLS ON SPEY AND AWE—AN ARTIST'S RECORD.

AND MESSRS. ROBERT DUNTHORNE AND SON. PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



THE DISPUTED POOL, AWE.



LORD MARCH'S POOL, SPEY.



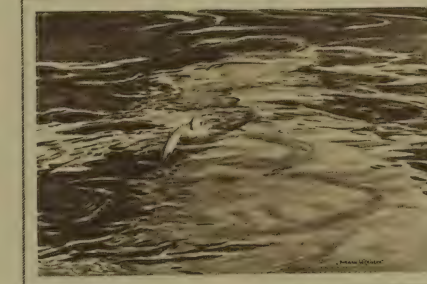
SALMON LEAP, FALLS OF STRUAN.

(Continued.) to keep open, November 30 witnessing the final casts of the autumn season. Of course, many other rivers have long been closed to sport, and in this connection the salmon angling season is not quite like any other fishing season. One can kill salmon on the rod, so variable are the close times for these fish, almost without intermission all the year round. But the trout and pike and roach cannot thus be caught. On some rivers, January is only a few days old when the rod can be put together again for salmon; and from then until the following December rivers here and there are available for the sport, though others are closed. The explanation as to these varying seasons is that the salmon run up from the sea at different periods in different rivers, and the spawning times do not all coincide. Those anglers who have the opportunity of pursuing the 'silver king' month in and month out are fortunate in having such a long season. Yet their enthusiasm never seems to flag, and perhaps with many it is most in the ascendant—the 'fever' is high—when another spring season draws near, as to-day; though it may be remarked that conditions are frequently the reverse to those of the time when one

(Continued below.)



THE GREENBANK AND INTAKE POOL, SPEY.



CASANDHU, AWE.

61½-lb. salmon (in 1907), its captor, Mr. T. Stewart, getting it, not with a Black Doctor or Jock Scott, but with a lobworm—a lure, by the way, which is facetiously known to the angling brotherhood as the *Gardenia lobelia*. A cast of this great salmon may be seen in Perth Museum. The various patterns of salmon flies are legion, but some favourites, especially on Scottish waters, in addition to the two named, are the Black Dog, Silver Wilkinson, Dusty Miller, Logie, Lady Caroline, Silver Grey, Childers, Popham, Durham Ranger, Thunder and Lightning, Butcher, and Silver Doctor—lures which should kill well at any time of the season in a good water. In the spring especially, much 'haring' and spinning is indulged in from bank and boat, dead natural baits being used, including dace, gudgeon, minnows, sprats, and prawns. Numerous spinning flies and artificial spinning minnows are also employed; but of all the methods adopted to catch salmon on the rod, fly-fishing is considered the most sportsmanlike, as it not infrequently is in rivers the most successful."

A LANDMARK OF ULSTER HEROISM: THE MEMORIAL TOWER AT THIÉPVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.



A REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS "HELEN'S TOWER" (OVERLOOKING BELFAST LOUGH) DESCRIBED BY TENNYSON: THE ULSTER MEMORIAL TOWER AT THIÉPVAL.



THE UNION JACK TO FLY IN FRANCE: THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN UNFURLING THE FLAG ON TOP OF THE THIÉPVAL MEMORIAL TOWER.



ULSTER'S MOST FAMOUS SOLDIER: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON OPENING THE TOWER (IN PLACE OF LORD CARSON).



UNVEILED BY GENERAL WEYGAND: THE MARBLE TABLET, WITH THE KING'S TRIBUTE TO ULSTERMEN, IN THE CHAPEL WITHIN THE TOWER (70 FT. HIGH).



REPRESENTING HIS CHIEF, MARSHAL FOCH: GENERAL WEYGAND TALKING TO LADY LONDONDERRY AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.

The heroism of Ulster troops in the war is commemorated by the most imposing single monument yet erected on the Western Front, the white memorial tower (70 ft. high) at Thiépval, opened on November 19 (in the absence of Lord Carson, through illness), by Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Colonel of the Royal Ulster Rifles. In the inner sanctuary, General Weygand, who represented Marshal Foch, unveiled the marble tablet bearing the King's tribute to Ulstermen. After the unveiling, a dedicatory service

was conducted outside by the Most Rev. Dr. d'Arcy, Primate of All Ireland and the Rev. Dr. Lowe, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. As the dedication service concluded, the Duchess of Abercorn hoisted the Union Jack and the French Tricolour on top of the tower. The Prefect of the Seine announced that the surrounding ground would be left forever intact as it was when fighting ceased. The memorial is a replica of Helen's Tower, built on the hills of Co. Down by the first Lord Dufferin in memory of his mother, as recorded by Tennyson.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

WOMEN are almost as expectant as children when Christmas draws near. Men pretend to be unmoved by the gift season, but down in the depths of their masculine nature they are pondering possible presents. To give credit where credit is due, they are also looking forward, as the family financiers, to giving an all-round good time and enjoying the prospect. The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Millicent Hawes, her mother-in-law, held a last sale at Hampden House of metal-work done by the Staffordshire Cripples Guild, now extinct. It had as models many lovely old Roman, Grecian, and Egyptian things collected by Lady Millicent Hawes, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and friends, for the crippled workers to copy. Consequently, there was brisk buying, with a view to the coming of Christmas. The Duchess wore a russet Spanish lace dress, sables, and a small black hat. Lady Millicent, who now lives in France, has just come down from Sutherlandshire, where she has been motoring about the county she loves, and for the people of which she has done so much. The Countess of Drogheda, who is going to seek warmer climes, was in pale grey and astrakhan to match. Lady Ednam, much congratulated on the result of Lord Ednam's election, was in dark brown; and Lady Curzon (not of Kedleston) was looking lovely, all in darkest blue, with a touch of kingfisher-blue in her black toque. It was a beautiful contrast of blonde and brunette when she stood beside Lady Masserene and Ferrard, who was in silver-grey and chinchilla furs. Lady Cunard was buying merrily. Someone ventured to allege that she "hadn't a bob," and it was not a man, despite the colloquialism. However, the possession of that coin of the realm matters not a whit if a town residence in Carlton House Terrace, a country place, motor-cars, furs, jewels, and all other appurtenances of wealth are the lady's, and unquestionably they are. Mrs. Asquith, in dark tweed and a velvet toque, was talking to many; she is said to be going to give readings from her diaries in the United States, and she is going to stay with her son-in-law and daughter Prince

Jack Frost is a courtier and disappeared when Princess Mary wanted to hunt with the West Norfolk last week. Alas for H.R.H.! the time was short, and she is now back in town doing all sorts of dull duties so cheerfully and happily that almost she convinces more pleasure-loving young people that virtue is its own reward. Almost, not entirely, for the love of pleasure grows by what it feeds on, and in this respect our young folk, delightful as they are, are gross feeders! Hunting is a pleasure so exhilarating that it savours

clean our suede shoes, and not only that, but to dye shabby-looking grey or brown ones black, and make them look entirely new. The box of Nugget was not lost, but the cook's temper was, and the cook is a power below stairs in a country household. However, she was a smart young woman, and she blacked her old grey suede shoes with the Nugget, polished them in the usual way three times, and decided that "'Enery wasn't such a fool, after all, for he had taught her something!"

Has the writing of reminiscences brought the personal pronoun into prominence? Speaking with a very well-known man the other day the pronoun "I" occurred so frequently that a friend with me said she was glad indeed to have met him, and now she would know him for one of the "all eyes." This is a way of expressing the modern egotistical talker. "Long ago I discovered," she told me, "that if I wanted to interest people, and had a thrilling experience to relate, it was better to say it had happened to someone else." Certainly the frequent introduction of the personal pronoun does put one's back up, to use an expressive phrase. It does so also in the several diaries and reminiscences which have followed those of Mrs. Asquith. One cannot do without using it, but its attempts, like King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorial, to permeate conversation should be firmly dealt with.

Twenty-five pounds each, dress allowance, for the girl typists sent to Washington for the Conference is surely a sign that the wastrels are mending their ways. Housemaids would require more. However, the girls will have a good time, and economists say they ought to provide their own clothes. It might perhaps have been more useful to provide them with distinctive costumes, quiet and dignified. The taste of individual girls of the typist class is usually quite good, but lack of taste in one or two would be keenly criticised by our American sisters. There is said to be a certain amount of ill-feeling among the working classes of Americans against Britishers. I hope it is a much exaggerated statement, yet it was made by a woman just back from meeting representatives of working women's societies in American big cities. The feeling between the Americans and the British of the more highly educated classes is becoming better every month, but this woman says that we have no idea over here of the activities of the pro-German and half-Irish section



AN EVENING DRESS.

In order to make a becoming background for her marigold-coloured satin dress, she has black lace draped at the back which envelops her when she so desires.

of happiness to all concerned but vixen, and, after all, vixen would rather have a run for life than be coldly shot—or I know nothing of my friends the animals. There is the pleasant business of selecting Christmas gifts as a town pursuit for our bonnie Princess. Very busily did she choose out some novel and pretty things at the Toys and Crafts Fair, and she started at 10 a.m. sharp, and looked as fresh as a rose. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, her slender, elegant and pretty great-aunt, opened the Fair in the afternoon. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides competed for prizes in toy-making and crafts, and showed considerable originality and skill. The King and the Queen, the Duke of York, Princess Mary, Prince Henry and Prince George hope to assemble at Sandringham for Christmas. The absentee will be the joyous and joy-inspiring Heir Apparent, known in the Royal Windsor family circle as "David." The West Norfolk Hunt Ball will take place during the Christmas holidays.

Writing of hunts and hunting reminds me of a Nugget story. Once upon a time a deaf groom was sent into the county town to bring something urgently required by the cook for preparing dinner. Arrived in town, the man, not a genius, bethought him that he had not rightly heard what was wanted. Then he remembered that his master had complained about the tops and feet of his hunting boots, and the master's man, in excuse, said Nugget had run short. Of course, that was it; so he rode home and presented his box of Nugget. Now Nugget is invaluable, we all know; even we women use it with complete success to



A HAT FOR RESTAURANT WEAR.

The furs she wears are grey, so she has adorned her little hat with a fringe of the same colour, in order to carry out a subtle colour scheme.

of American workers, or of their number, power, and genuine hatred of England. Women of Britain do not know how to hate, so let us console ourselves with the aphorism that it takes two to make a quarrel.

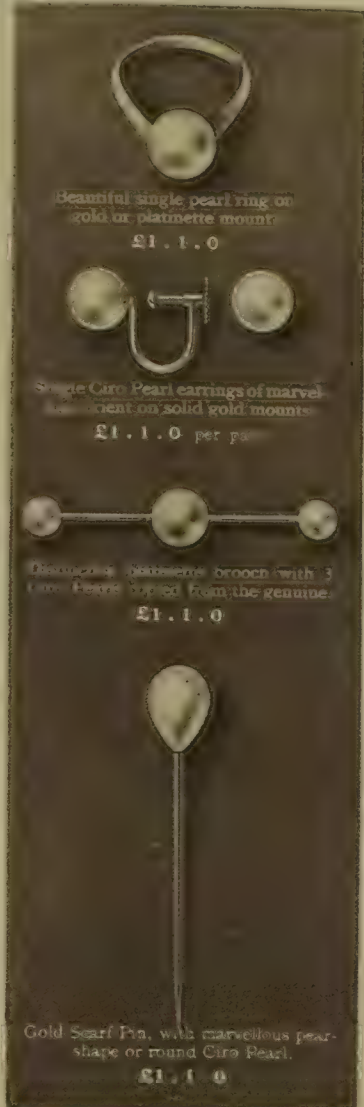
A. E. L.



A WINTER TOILETTE.

The coat is of velvet embroidered in wool, and is heavily trimmed with fur.

and Princess Bibesco, in Washington, which is at present the "hub" of the universe, and a peacefully running hub, too!



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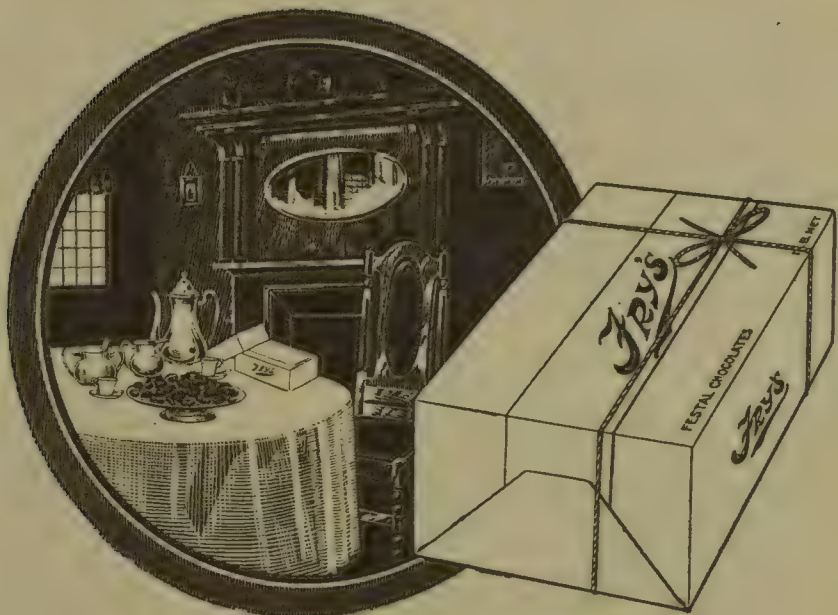
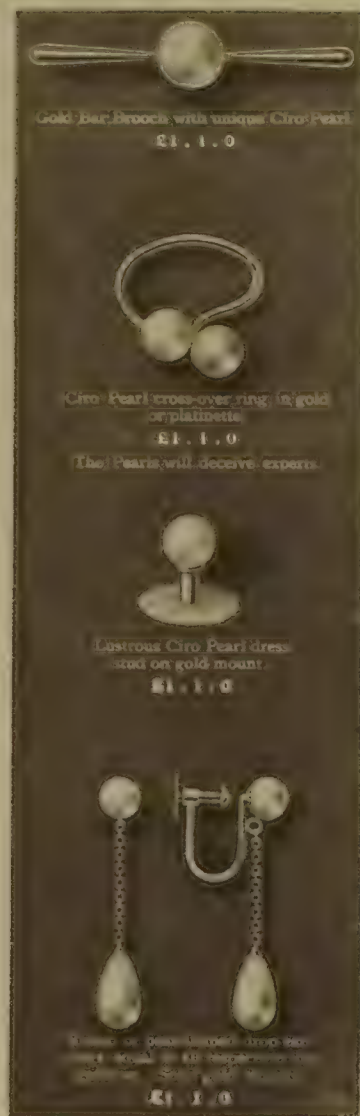
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SHINGLE BEACH OF ALDEBURGH.

NOW that I must take my walks abroad swathed like an Arctic explorer, I find a mournful pleasure in recalling the memories of my summer holiday. This year a variety of circumstances drove me to the East Coast. But I was borne thither not as others are, along a steel-bound track. I set out on a joyous venture, perched up on a tricycle driven by an Auto-wheel! Aldeburgh, my destination, does not captivate at first sight; but it is a place that "grows" upon one. I had two objects before me in selecting Aldeburgh—I wanted to study its famous shingle beach, and to explore its wonderful Red and Coralline Crag pits.

A shingle beach, to the casual observer, affords but a dull prospect, and it is decidedly trying to walk on. Yet all such beaches become interesting the moment one begins to examine them critically. Aldeburgh possesses a really fine example of this kind. Though nowhere more than a few hundred yards in breadth, it runs, coast-wise, in one unbroken stretch for a distance of ten miles.

An incredible accumulation of small stones: a huge, unstable bank of pebbles, bounded on the one side by the great wide sea, and on the other by a river; save at dead low water, not a patch of sand is visible. It looks like a gigantic "dump" of road-metal. Whence has it come? And why, throughout its whole length, is it broken up into a series of terraces, known locally as "fulls"?

The sea has determined these things. The ceaseless pounding of the waves on the vanishing and vanished chalk cliffs of the East Coast has provided much of the raw material, for the disintegration of the cliffs released vast quantities of flint nodules, which in course of time became broken up and rounded into pebbles by the ceaseless rolling action of the sea. The Glacial Drift added a store of rock-fragments of very various kinds, and these, in like manner, have become pebbles. The sea, in short, for some 5000

years or so—and we can speak with tolerable certainty as to the time limit—has been playing the part of a zealous lapidary; and the hoard of treasures and failures accumulated during this time has now been piled up for all who will to rifle. And such as will take the trouble to hunt will find here stones of rare beauty and diverse origin—pebbles of chalcedony and beautiful carnelians from Scotland; pebbles of jasper, black, and green, with red veining; and

with its labours. During the greater part of my stay there were no fewer than six well-marked terraces, increasing in height from the sea, shorewards, the last presenting a steep face some five to six feet high. At the foot of each terrace the stones were conspicuously larger than those of its face. But one day came a great storm; and after the storm a calm—and with the calm a new beach. Of the six terraces only two remained.

The removal of the terraces was not the only surprising result of the storm. Normally a barren waste, so far as animal life is concerned, the beach was now strewn with thousands of dead and dying sea-mice, star-fish, and sea-urchins, razor-shells and pipe fish, and other flotsam and jetsam of a like kind. But besides were masses of peat, riddled with the tubes of piddocks, and pieces of birch-trees. These were mournful relics of the time when what is now the bed of the North Sea and the English Channel was a wide valley, covered with verdure. A great hunting-ground for primitive hunters, who sought and slew elephant, hippo, the giant bear, the hyena, and the lion. These sylvan glades extended as far north as Yorkshire.

There is one final aspect of this beach which must be mentioned. In the course of its formation it has constantly "headed off" the mouth of the River Alde, so that to-day it runs parallel with the sea, and in places no more than a hundred yards from it, till it at last escapes at Shingles Street—a ten-mile run—but even here it is threatened, for great banks of shifting shingle bar the entrance to the river, making it impossible to navigate save with the help of a pilot.

Great Britain was born when the sea wiped out that big-game hunting ground. The filling of this moat, besides, placed a girdle of safety around her, and at the same time assured her people of a bountiful supply of fish food. If we can glean this much from the shingle beach of Aldeburgh, then my contention is proved, that it is by no means the dull waste it may appear to be at first sight.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



SIR BASIL THOMSON'S SUCCESSOR AS HEAD OF THE SPECIAL BRANCH AT SCOTLAND YARD: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BORLASE CHILDS, CLEANING HIS CAR.

The post of head of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard, lately held by Sir Basil Thomson, whose retirement caused so much controversy, has now been filled by the appointment of Major-General Sir Borlase E. W. Childs, K.C.M.G., C.B., who, as Director of Personal Services at the War Office, from 1916 until last March, brought about the Suspension of Sentences Act. Sir Borlase, who is forty-five, is a Cornishman, son of a solicitor at Liskeard, and was formerly Adjutant of the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. He has a taste for carpentry and the mechanical side of motoring, and is also a fine violinist. In August 1914 he went to France as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, and was three times "mentioned."—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

pebbles of a fine wine-red or purple, often veined with quartz, which have travelled, apparently, from Scandinavia. Amber, too, in great lumps, and jet, may also be found after storms.

Tides and currents have formed this wonderful beach, which even now is constantly being made and unmade, as though the restless sea were still unsatisfied

Barker & Dobson

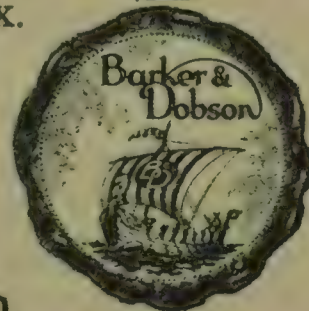
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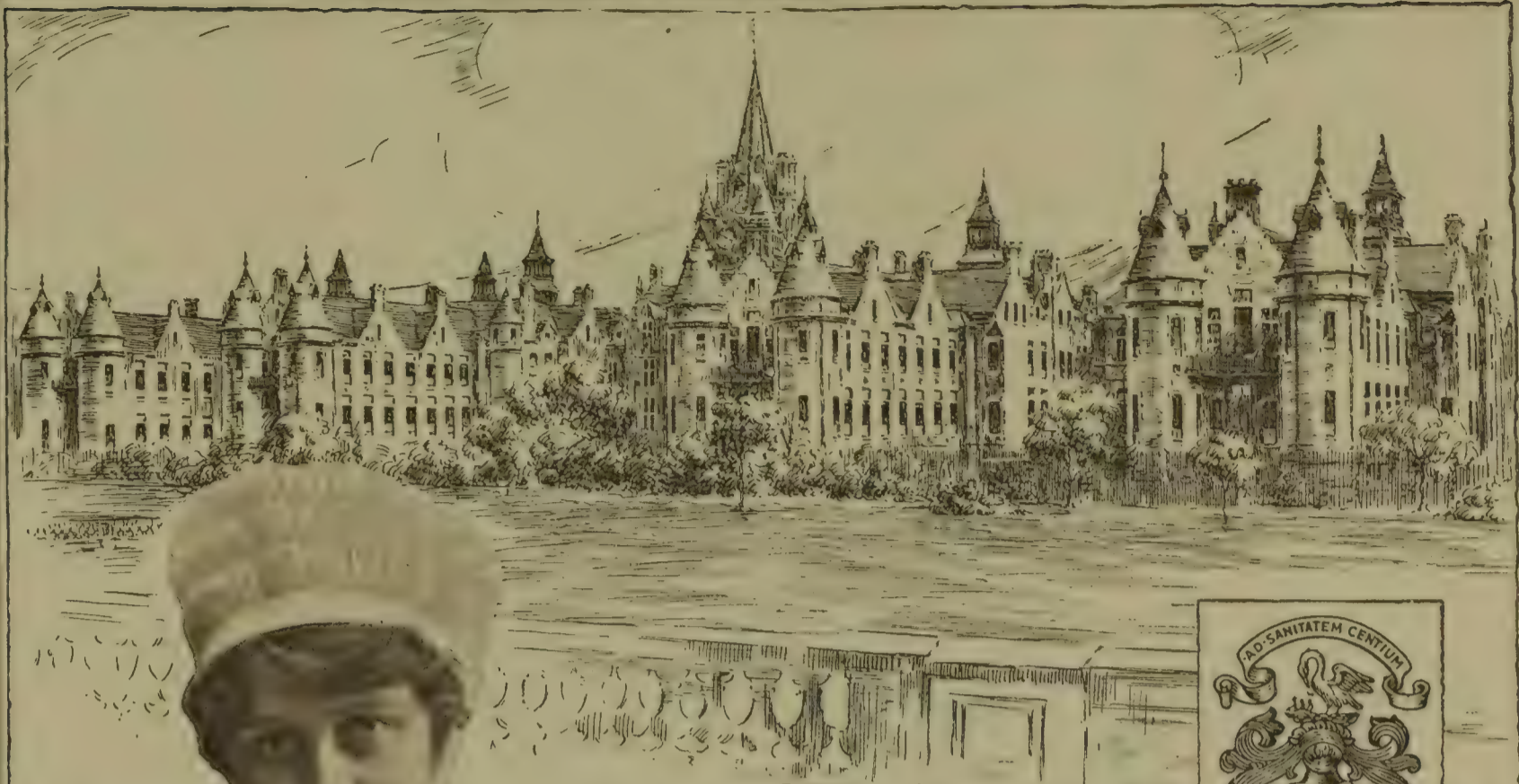
are refreshingly different from other chocolates. The centres are really liquid, and made from the actual fruit named on the velvet-smooth chocolate covering.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WILL SHAKESPEARE" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

THERE are beautiful pictures, stirring melodrama, and agreeable blank verse provided in the "invention" which Miss Clemence Dane calls "Will Shakespeare." We are shown its titular character at Stratford as a young married man listening to the lure of a Henslowe and his travelling players and quitting his over-fond Anne because she could never let him alone, and interrupts him while he writes. We see a black-haired lady in waiting, labelled Mary Fitton, offer herself as substitute for a defaulting boy in the heroine's rôle at a "Romeo and Juliet" rehearsal, and watch her, with Juliet's speeches warm on her lips, make passionate love to the poet. We are carried to a Deptford inn where a Kit Marlowe trolls a rollicking ditty among drunken companions and meets his death; but this Marlowe, in defiance of legend, kills himself after a struggle with Shakespeare, who has caught him returning Mary Fitton's kisses. And we attend Court while a Queen Elizabeth lectures a Shakespeare distraught with love and adjures him to pen plays in praise of England. Transparencies during the "invention" present a dream of Anne's wherein Shakespearean creations appear in procession and ask to be released from the playwright's brain, and also give a view of Anne telling her husband from her Stratford home that she still loves him, and begging him to return that she may cherish him on her bosom. It is a picturesque and often bustling show; its sets and furniture and curtains and costumes are splendidly handsome; it has bursts of eloquence, notably in the patriotic vein, and some fervent love-scenes; it contains one intensely dramatic moment, when, while Marlowe lies dead on the tavern bed, tipplers dance round his corpse thinking him asleep, and lift his body to make him share in their revels; but for all that it is merely a show exploiting great names, and lending those names to a collection of puppets. The puppets, however, are equipped with sufficiently fine rhetoric and placed in sufficiently telling situations to afford scope for good acting. It is not Mr. Claude Rains's fault that not much is made out of Marlowe, but there is some fire and allurements in Miss Mary Clare's Dark Lady;



WHERE THE PREMIER RECEIVED HIS EARLY EDUCATION: THE VILLAGE SCHOOL AT LLANISTUMDWY—A BRONZE PLAQUE JUST PLACED ON THE PEDESTAL OF HIS STATUE AT CARNARVON.



NOW ADORNING THE STATUE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT CARNARVON: A BRONZE PLAQUE SHOWING HIM ADDRESSING THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES IN 1919.

The statue of Mr. Lloyd George by Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., at Carnarvon, has just been completed by the attachment to the pedestal of the two bronze plaques here illustrated. That of the village school at Llanistumdwy, where he spent his boyhood, is on the right side of the statue, and that of the Peace Conference on the left. In the latter M. Clemenceau is seen next (to left) to Mr. Lloyd George, and next to M. Clemenceau is President Wilson. The statue was presented to Carnarvon by the Mayor, Mr. Owen Jones, and was unveiled last August by Mr. W. M. Hughes, Premier of Australia, who spoke of Mr. Lloyd George as "the greatest historical figure of our time."

Photographs by Photopress.

the Shakespeare of Mr. Philip Merivale has attractive moments, though inclined to be hysterical at the top note of declamation; the Anne of Miss Moyna Macgill is poignant in her deliberate tameness; and Miss Haidee Wright manages Queen Elizabeth's long speech with magnificent virtuosity. The richest opportunities for humour fall to that accomplished if rather mannered comedian, Mr. Arthur Whitby, as Henslowe, and he has not a line to say to which he does not lend point. Forget your history, forget all your prepossessions about Shakespeare, and this medley of Miss Dane's will help you to pass an evening pleasantly enough.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART." AT THE COMEDY.

How refreshing in these days of stage discussions, biographies and the like, to strike a dramatist who has a pretty story at call and the craft to tell it well in terms of the theatre! Mr. Monckton Hoffe furnishes us with this treat in "The Faithful Heart," a tender little drama, in which from start of his prologue to close of his epilogue we are never in doubt as to his being complete master of his theme and his material. The prologue is quite Dutch in its homely realism. Just a sailor's parting with a barmaid who has loved him too dearly at a Southampton inn is what it pictures; but how admirably all the details are touched in—the hoots of the outgoing boat and the return signals of the pilot to which "Blacky" listens so sadly when her lover has gone. Twenty years pass, the Great War has run its course, and the sailor hero, now a lieutenant-colonel, is discovered in a departmental office preparing to be demobilised and on the eve of marriage with smart young Diana Oughterson. Her people are all for endowing his future, when into his life walks "Blacky" the second, issue of that forgotten old affair, a daughter of whose existence he had never heard. But she is so sweet, so affectionate, this motherless child, that he could not disown her even if that were his way. Can they all live together? No, says Diana. Then what is to be done? Mr. Hoffe tips the balance in "Blacky's" favour, and once more we visit the old inn at Southampton. Bluff Mr. Godfrey Tearle was born to play this sailor's part. Miss Ruth Maitland is the late-Victorian landlady to the life; and, while of the two girls of the cast Miss Mary Odette acts with exquisite naturalness, no less praise is due to Miss Mollie Kerr.



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THE GREATEST OF ALL GAMBLERS.

IN all the history of speculation, the notorious affair of The Governor and Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America stands alone, out-doing even Law's famous scheme in France, to which, doubtless, it owed some of its methods. No "get-rich-quick" plan was ever more popular or more disastrous. Yet of course there were those who gained as well as those who lost.

As Mr. Louis Melville has it in his latest interesting delve into the past, "The South Sea Bubble" (Daniel O'Connor), "it was the ruined gamblers who rent the air with their cries: the men who had bought as cheaply as they could, with every intention of selling as soon as the stock had risen sufficiently to give them a profit that would satisfy their greed." The more deluded suffered more silently. The successful were noisy in other fashion: "A new aristocracy had arisen—an aristocracy of humble origin, but possessed of vast wealth, and the *nouveaux riches* began to jostle the aristocracy of birth, whose supremacy had hitherto been unchallenged. 'We are informed,' one newspaper stated on July 9, 'that since the late hurly-burly of stock-jobbing, there have appeared in London two hundred new coaches.'"

So came about one of those curious distributions of wealth which occur almost inexplicably from time to time, a periodic scattering of the counters which we call money. No wonder one company bred many. Such was the fever for speculation that the promoter and the titled guinea-pig director found their paths strewn with bank-notes. Nothing was easier than to start a company. There were those for supplying London with sea-coal; erecting salt-pans in Holy Island; producing a wheel of perpetual motion; for "trading in and improving certain commodities of the produce of this Kingdom"; for "buying and fitting ships to suppress pirates"; for extracting silver from lead; for planting mulberry-trees and breeding silk-worms in Chelsea Park; for exporting jack-asses from Spain, in order to propagate a larger kind of mule in England; for trading in human hair; for "providing for employing all the poor in Great Britain"; for "the encouragement of the industrious"; and one—perhaps the frankest yet most secretive of all—with a delightfully ambiguous desire for "carrying on an undertaking of great importance, but nobody to know what it is." To this a thousand people paid two guineas each in a single morning!

Was it not reasonable that, after the bubbles burst, card-playing ladies should say, as they turned up a knave, "There's a Director for you"?

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SVED SHARFUDDIN (Dacca).—We thank you for your problems, to which we have given careful consideration. While they show constructive skill, they are unfortunately a little too simple for our use, and we should be glad if you would try to make a deeper and more subtle combination in a future attempt.

P. N. BANERJI (Kanni Tal, India).—We are sorry, after close examination, to find your contributions below our standard of publication. They are not without points of interest, but there is not sufficient problematic grip about them to attract our solvers.

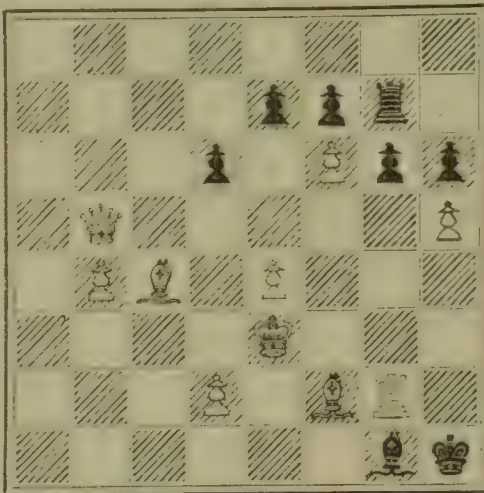
EDWARD BOSWELL (Lancaster).—We note your alteration, but fear it leaves the problem too weak for publication.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3864 and 3865 received from Santiago Lawrie (Argentina); of No. 3866 from Keshab D. Dè (Calcutta), and Syed Sharfuddin (Dacca); of No. 3867 from R. F. Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada), James M. K. Lupton (Richmond), Keshab D. Dè, Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore), John Doney (Winnipeg), and Henry A. Seller (Denver); of No. 3868 from John Watts (Deal), Rev. Armand Der Meares, and John Doney.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3869 received from P. Cooper (Clapham), Edward Boswell (Lancaster), H. W. Satow (Bangor), J. J. Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), M. de Winton (Gloucester), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), A. F. Moore (Streatham), Gordon Lowe (Southport), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), R. M. Merchant, P. W. Huet (Bridgewater), C. H. Watson (Masham), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), D. L. Rodger (Rutherglen), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), and H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

PROBLEM No. 3870.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3868.—By KESHAB D. DÈ.

WHITE.

1. R to Q B 5th
2. P to R 7th
3. P (Q) mates.

BLACK.

- P takes R
- Any move

If Black play 1. P to Q 4th, 2. R to B 7th, etc.; and if 1. K to R 7th; then 2. R to B 3rd, etc.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation, at Malvern, and awarded special prize for best played game. (Queen's Pawn Opening—Irregular Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B. Seigheim) (Sir G. Thomas) 22. P to R 4th P to B 3rd
23. Kt to K B 3rd P to R 2nd
24. Kt to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd

Although on irregular lines, Black's defence is not altogether new. In a game between Vidmar and Meises, the former here played 5. P takes P, en pass., which led to a draw.

6. P to K 4th B to K 2nd
7. P to K R 3rd P to K R 3rd
8. B to K 3rd Kt to R 2nd

The purpose of this move is fairly clear; but Black has better moves at his disposal. Castles or Kt to R 4th both prevent the necessity of advancing his wing Pawns now forced upon him.

9. Q to Q 2nd P to K Kt 4th
10. B to Q 3rd Kt to B sq
11. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th
12. Kt to K Kt sq P to K R 4th
13. K Kt to K 2nd Kt to Kt 3rd
14. B to Kt 5th B to B 3rd
15. Kt to Kt 5th

Ingenuously defending the K R P, for if 15.—Kt takes P, 16. B takes B, Q takes B; 17. Kt takes P (ch), Q takes Kt; 18. R takes Kt, without loss in material.

15. P to K Kt 3rd Kt to R 3rd
17. B takes B Q takes B
18. P to R 3rd Kt to B 2nd
19. Q Kt to B 3rd B to Q 2nd
20. P to Kt 4th Kt to R 3rd
21. P to Kt 5th Kt to B 2nd

The challenge made by Norman T. Whitaker to contest the championship of the United States with F. J. Marshall seems to have fallen to the ground owing to the financial demands of the latter—win or lose. Considering Marshall's position in recent competitions, this is another illustration of the folly of leaving questions of championship in the hands of individuals who are temporarily masters of the situation.

We have to record with great regret the death of Mr. John Lipscomb Grossmith, of "The Grange," Bickley, Kent, head of the well-known perfumery business in Newgate Street. Mr. Grossmith was born in January 1843, and died on November 18, and was thus in his 79th year. He was the son of Mr. John Grossmith, who in 1835 established the business in Newgate Street, and earned the unique distinction of gaining the only Gold Medal awarded at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Apart from a busy life spent in building up a great business, Mr. J. L. Grossmith served as Common Councillor and Deputy Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Within. A Memorial Service at Christ Church, Newgate Street, on November 22, was attended by the Lord Mayor.

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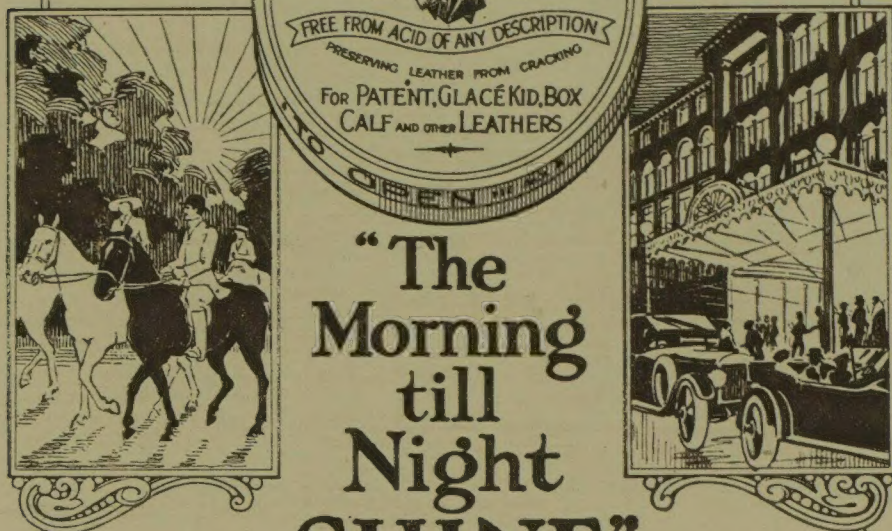
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"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH

is made in the following colours: Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown, Toney Red, and White for patent leather. Sold everywhere in tins at 4d. and 6d. The 'Nugget' outfit, in metal case, is sold at 2/6.

No 809

C.F.H.

View Hallo!

When on foot, following the hounds, how delightful at good vantage ground to view the chase while resting in comfort on the "CUNLIFFE" Shooting Seat. The "CUNLIFFE" is exceedingly light, yet very strong. It is made with aluminium fittings throughout.

CUNLIFFE SHOOTING SEAT

Ladies' Walking Stick
Seat ... from 35/-
Gent's Walking Stick
Seat ... from 40/-
Ladies' Umbrella
Seat ... from 60/-
Gent's Umbrella
Seat ... from 65/-

Full particulars free from Sole Makers—

JAMES SMITH & SONS,
The Stick and Umbrella Specialists,

57-59, New Oxford St., W.C.

Also at Principal Stores and Gunsmiths.



Earl Horter calls them "fortunate accidents of light and tone"—delicious bits of pencil shading that are never thought out, but seem to just happen. And the beauty of it is, they seem to "just happen" oftener with Dixon's Eldorado than with any other pencil!

DIXON'S ELDORADO

"the master drawing pencil"

In 17 leads—one for every need or preference.

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2

6d. each. 5/6 per dozen of all Stationers. Booklet Free.



INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE TEAFROCKS

IN an immense variety of new and exclusive shapes especially designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of exceptional quality and value.

"PAT."—Useful Teafrock in good quality crêpe-de-Chine, new open bodice with inset sleeves, full skirt finished at waist with large sash to tie as required, collar and cuffs and vest in cream silk Georgette edged pleated frills. In a large range of colours and black.

Special Price 59/6



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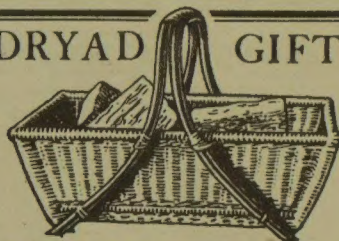
An artistic exhibition of toys now open

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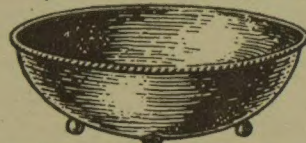
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DEBENHAM, LIMITED
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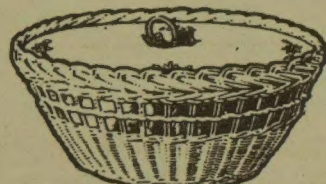
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Dryad Brown Cane Log Basket. Strong, useful and convenient. Red-brown malacca handles. 21in. x 14in. 32/- carriage paid.



Hand-beaten Bronze Bowl. 9in. diameter, 18/- cart. paid.



Workbasket. Silk lining and cover, 11in. diameter, 21/- cart. paid.

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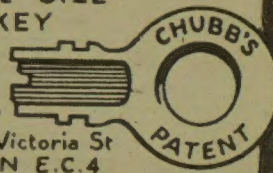
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CHUBB'S FLAT KEY LATCH

ACTUAL SIZE OF KEY

Price 21/- complete with 2 Keys.

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Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1

WELCOME ALWAYS—KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

The ALAN TABOR Illuminated Poem

Calendars

Make Charming Xmas Gifts—Unique Designs, Always acceptable.

For Illustrated Price List of wordings by TAGORE, STEVENSON, WILCOX, OMAR, &c. Apply ALAN TABOR, 6 St. Ann's Arcade, Manchester. List No. 3

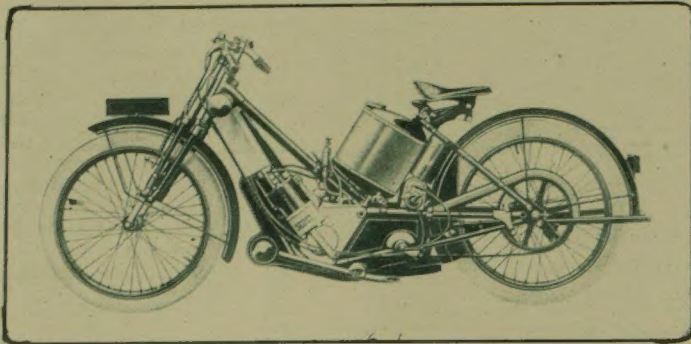
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The R.A.C. and Headlights. At the last meeting of the General Committee of the R.A.C., at which the parent club and the associated clubs throughout the country were well represented, a discussion took place on the question of the advisability or otherwise of switching off electric headlights when meeting other traffic. The following resolution was ultimately passed: "This committee considers that the practice of switching off electric headlights when meeting other traffic on the open road is fraught with considerable danger, and urges motorists to discontinue it."

In the course of the discussion it was pointed out that the danger arises from the fact that the sight of the driver cannot accommodate itself to the sudden change from bright illumination of the roadway to partial darkness quickly enough to enable him to determine his passage-way accurately and to see clearly other objects on the road. One example of the danger may be quoted. At the moment at which the headlights are switched off, when the driver is about to meet another vehicle, he may also be overtaking a third vehicle without a rear light, in front of him but just beyond the range of his headlights. In continuing his course without headlights he is drawing nearer to this other vehicle which he is unable to see, and there is obviously serious risk of collision with it before he has time to restore his full illumination. Several accidents have, in fact, occurred

in this way. The committee considered that the possible risk of accident through dazzle is considerably less than that involved by switching off headlights.

As a result of experience, I find myself completely in agreement with the committee. I admit that at one time I was an advocate for the shutting off of headlights, and used to practise it religiously when



TO BE SEEN AT THE OLYMPIA MOTOR-CYCLE SHOW: THE NEW 3½-H.P. SCOTT SQUIRREL SPORTING MODEL.

This machine carries a speed guarantee of at least a mile a minute. It will be exhibited on Stand No. 128 at the Olympia Motor-Cycle Show, opening on November 28.

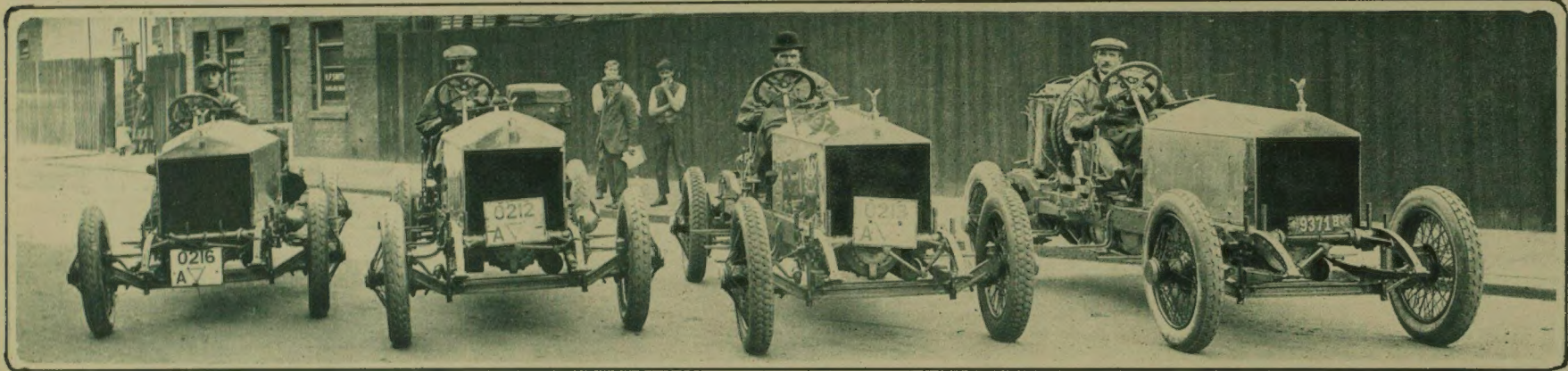
meeting other vehicles. After a long trial, however, I have reached the same conclusions as the R.A.C. committee, and no longer switch off, nor do I expect the other driver to do it. After all, there is really not a lot of inconvenience caused by meeting bright

lights where there is plenty of road room; and on narrow roads one slows up or stops until the other car has passed. Especially now, when nine-tenths of the cycling community appear to have joined a Suicide Club by refusing to carry rear lights and by refraining from lighting up at all until the ultimate moment required by an archaic law, there is considerable danger in driving with inadequate lights. I trust motorists at large will take the advice of the committee, which is that of a large and experienced body of practical, balanced motorists who have examined the question from every angle of view.

A Tax Reduction Next Year?


In view of the fact that the motor taxes have this year produced about £3,000,000 more than was anticipated, and of the statements made in connection with the subject by Sir Eric Geddes, and more recently by Mr. Neal, the question is being asked whether the Government intends to reduce the present scale of taxation next year. I should say the answer is in the negative. Did ever anybody know of a Government remitting a tax affecting only a section of the community when that section was not strong enough to make an effective protest? That seems to be the best answer to the optimists who are freely prophesying that the £1 per horse-power will be reduced by the next Finance Act. As to the justice of the matter, there may be no room for argument. As I have invariably insisted when discussing this question, the only fair basis of taxation is one on use—such as the

(Continued overleaf.)



ROLLS-ROYCES FOR SWITZERLAND: FOUR CHASSIS RECENTLY SENT TO GENEVA.

Despite the difficulties of export trade arising from economic conditions and foreign exchanges, there is still a demand for Rolls-Royce cars on the Continent. These four chassis were recently delivered by road to the firm's Swiss representative, Mr. Albert Schmidt, of Geneva.



The Post-War ROLLS-ROYCE

MAKES FASTEST TIME at the "Côte du Phare" Hill Climb at Biarritz.

1st.	ROLLS-ROYCE	-	-	24 ⁴ / ₅ secs.
2nd.	Vauxhall 38/90	-	-	27 secs.
3rd.	Hispano-Suiza 6 cyl.	-	-	27 ⁴ / ₅ secs.
4th.	Hispano-Suiza 6 cyl.	-	-	28 secs.
5th.	Voisin	-	-	34 secs.

The Côte du Phare — 500 metres in length — includes 3 sharp turnings.
The Rolls-Royce, starting from rest, was travelling at the finish at the rate of

63 ³/₄ MILES AN HOUR.

ROLLS - ROYCE, LTD., 15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead, Reg., London

Telephone: Gerrard 1634 (6 lines).

MORRIS-COWLEY

11.9 h.p. Cars

from

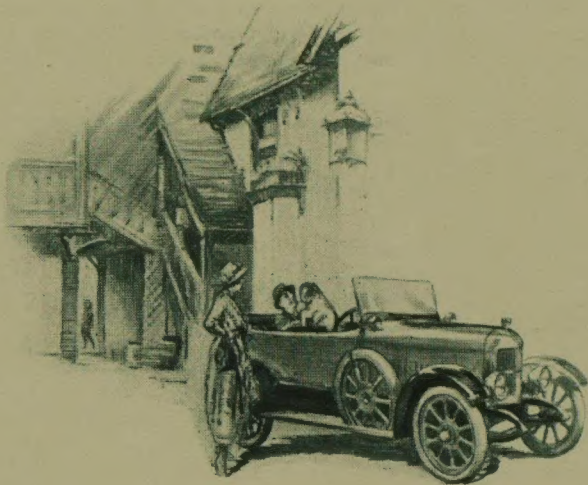
285

guineas.

EVERY Morris Car carries the full "Imshi" chassis, with 4-cylinder water-cooled engine, electric lighting, Dunlops, spare and tyre, &c.

Full particulars and price-list will be forwarded on application. Deliveries within six weeks from present order.

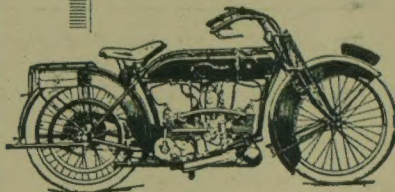
Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxon.



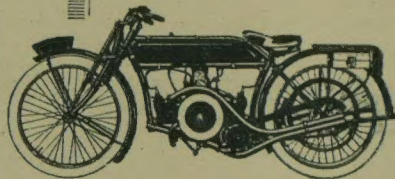
Humber

Stand 124 Olympia

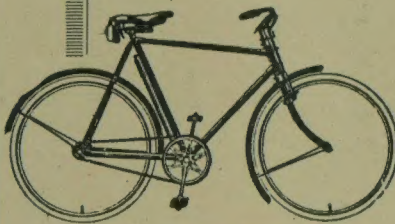
ON Stand 124 we are showing what has been described by outside critics as "Coventry's Finest Production" in motor cycles: the 4½ h.p. Flat Twin Solo Standard Touring Model, famous for its silence on the road and conspicuous successes in strenuous tests. We are also featuring the 4½ h.p. £100 Sports Model—a tempting proposition which should be inspected by all interested in this type of mount. Capable of a speed of over 70 miles an hour and weighing only 235 lbs. the frame of this model is identical with that of the Standard Touring Model, well-known for its flexibility and strength. The exhibit also includes two Combination Outfits—handsome throughout and typical of Humber workmanship.



4½ h.p. Flat Twin.



4½ h.p. Sports Model.



Humber Light Roadster.

4½ h.p. Flat Twin Solo Model £110
4½ h.p. Flat Twin Sports Model £100
4½ h.p. Flat Twin Combination Outfit - - - £144

The cheapness of these motor-cycle models will at once be apparent when compared with the specifications. All-weather finish supplied to order for utility purposes.

CYCLE MODELS.

The fine range of cycles exhibited include the following models, which it is claimed have no equal for sound reliability, refined appearance and ease and comfort in riding:—

	£	s.	d.
Beeston Humber (Gent's)	21	15	0
Beeston Humber (Lady's)	22	10	0
Standard (Gent's)	14	14	0
Standard (Lady's)	15	9	0
Popular (Gent's)	11	7	6
Popular (Lady's)	11	19	0
Light Roadster (Gent's)	11	7	6
Juvenile (Boy's)	10	0	0
Juvenile (Girl's)	10	11	6

HUMBER LIMITED,
COVENTRY.

32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1
Dealers everywhere.



"Beautifully cool

and sweet smoking."

PLAYER'S Navy Cut Tobacco

PACKED IN VARYING DEGREES OF STRENGTH TO SUIT
EVERY CLASS OF SMOKER.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - PER OZ.
Player's Medium Navy Cut - - **1/-**
Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut - -
Player's "White Label" Navy Cut **10½d.**

Also PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut). Packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz air-tight tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—
MILD AND MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf)
100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11
24 for 1/5; 12 for 8½d.

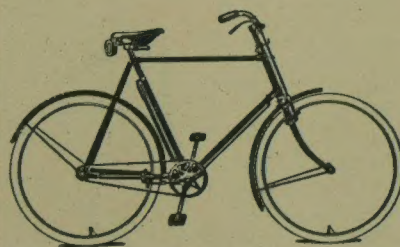
MEDIUM
100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P. 886

Centaur's

CYCLES



NOT at Olympia.

Centaur Co., Ltd., of Coventry, again hold their own private exhibition.

A cordial invitation is extended to all cycling enthusiasts to inspect the Centaur Cycle Range for 1922, a Special Exhibition of which is being held at the Company's London Depot—21, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1, from the 28th November to the 3rd December. The Exhibition includes the following models:

	£	s.	d.
"Royal" (Gent's)	21	15	0
"Royal" (Lady's)	22	10	0
"Standard" (Gent's)	14	14	0
"Standard" (Lady's)	15	9	0
"Popular" (Gent's)	11	7	6
"Popular" (Lady's)	11	19	0
"Light Roadster"	11	7	6
"Juvenile" (Boy's)	10	0	0
"Juvenile" (Girl's)	10	11	6

Catalogues are obtainable from the Depot, and are worth a real study by all intending cycle buyers.

Book a date for an inspection.

CENTAUR CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY,
21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C. 1.

Keeps GOUT at bay.

The FRENCH,
NATURAL MINERAL WATER

VICHY-CELESTINS

is now regularly imported, and can be obtained at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, &c.

To avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink
VICHY-CELESTINS.

Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E. 1.

(Continued.)

fuel tax—and not simply on possession. Even if the principle of the possession tax were conceded, it is obvious that the present scheme is oppressive in the extreme, and strikes hardest at those motor-car owners who can least afford to pay the enormous tax which is levied on their cars. Unfortunately,

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCIENCE has exerted such an enormous influence on modern life—it has, indeed, changed the face of the world—that it behoves every person who claims to be educated to have some general knowledge of its principles and teaching. To provide such knowledge for the general reader, in plain language with a minimum of technicalities, the "Outline of Science" has been planned by those enterprising publishers, Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., who are issuing the work in about twenty fortnightly parts at 1s. 2d. net each. The name of the editor, Professor J. Arthur Thomson (whose fascinating natural history lectures to children last Christmas appeared with illustrations in our pages) is a sufficient guarantee both of authoritative accuracy and of a readable style of narrative. Part I., which has already come out, begins two chapters of the deepest interest, "The Romance of

the Heavens" and "The Story of Evolution." The numerous illustrations, both in colour and black and white, as well as the paper and printing, maintain the high standard which the publishers have led us to expect. The work promises to fulfil its purpose admirably. "The general aim of the 'Outline,'" writes Professor Thomson, "is to give the reader a clear and concise view of the essentials of present-day science, so that he may follow with intelligence the modern advance and share appreciatively in man's continued conquest of his kingdom." His introduction indicates how the latest scientific discoveries have opened up new vistas of intellectual and social progress, and whets the reader's appetite for the fuller knowledge that is now placed within the reach of all.



PRESENTED BY MR. HERBERT BAKER, OF THE MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO.: A TROPHY FOR THE INSURANCE OFFICES SWIMMING ASSOCIATION.

This handsome trophy, presented to the Insurance Offices Swimming Association by Mr. Herbert Baker, of the Motor Union Insurance Co. Ltd., has just been won by the Ladies' team of the Prudential Company. The cup will be competed for annually.



DESIGNER OF THE WAR MEMORIAL AT THE BRIXTON INDEPENDENT CHURCH: THE LATE MR. RICHARD BELT, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR, AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

The fine war memorial recently unveiled at the Brixton Independent Church has added posthumous honour to the late Mr. Richard Belt, the famous sculptor, who is remembered by his splendid bust of Lord Kitchener (exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1917), a cast of which, made from German guns, stands on the grand staircase at the War Office. He also executed a war memorial for the King of the Belgians. In his early days he was befriended by Dean Stanley, and later received the patronage of Queen Victoria. A notable work of that period was his bust of Lord Beaconsfield.—[Photograph by Harrods.]

"Winter's Pie," 1921, is a Christmas annual which must not be missed. It is now on sale, and keeps up its usual high level of entertaining letterpress, coloured plates, and black-and-white drawings. The artists who have contributed to this year's number include Frank Newbould, Starr Wood, W. Heath Robinson, Alfred Leete, and Lawson Wood; and there are excellent short stories by Keble Howard, William Le Queux, George R. Sims, and W. Pett Ridge. Altogether it is a first-rate two shillings' worth, which will afford distraction and amusement to all who buy it, as well as helping six excellent charities connected with the literary, journalistic, book-selling, and printing trades.

SELLING OFF THEIR STOCK AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT: A FAMOUS COURT JEWELLER'S IN PICCADILLY HOLDING A RETIREMENT SALE.

Owing to their retirement from business, at the end of the year, the well-known Court Jewellers, Messrs. Percy Edwards, Ltd., of 71, Piccadilly, are offering the whole of their present stock at a discount of no less than 25 per cent. The stock consists of jewellery and gold and silver ware that have gained a high reputation for the firm during the past forty years. Nothing has been added to the stock for the purpose of the sale, and every article carries the original price ticket, attached long before retirement was contemplated. The discount of 25 per cent. is a genuine reduction, the goods in every case being fully worth the marked price. There is no reason, other than the decision to close down the firm, for making the reduction. This retirement sale affords an opportunity of acquiring Christmas presents on extraordinarily advantageous terms. We would advise our readers to make an early call on Messrs. Edwards, or to write at once to them for the sale catalogue. The premises are next door to the Berkeley Hotel and opposite the Ritz.

the question of justice does not enter into it at all, and for that reason I cannot see the tax being reduced. Still, one never knows.

The real line that ought to be taken by the motorising organisations is not so much that of a remission of a wholly unjust tax, but to work upon the principle that the taxation of the road-user has been adopted as a cardinal factor, and that it should be extended to embrace all traffic, and not only a section. Once get that principle working, it would affect practically the whole community, and we should soon secure a sufficient volume of opinion to ensure that such taxes should at least be equitable in their incidence.

W. W.

World's Best SOLO World's Patent

OF COURSE, your safety razor blades must be stropped. Possibly you have tried several unsatisfactory stropping machines. THE ONLY ONE, however, capable of stropping effectively, and which, considering its strength and capacity, is the cheapest, IS the

Solo Stropping Machine

14/6



14/6

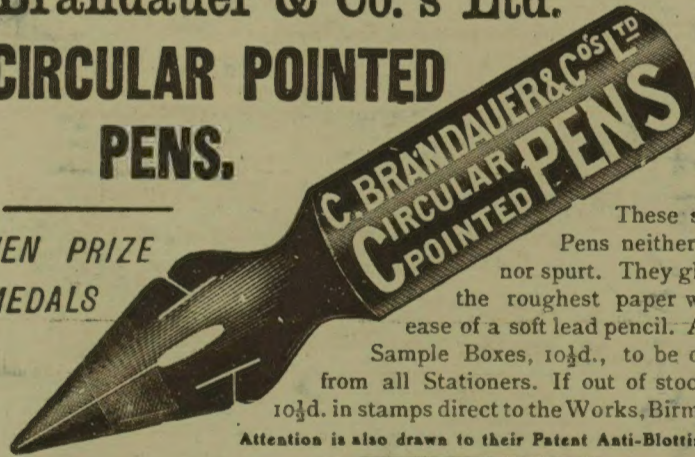
SOLO is the most handy machine; it stropps both edges at the same time, and, owing to its perfect construction, gives the best possible edges with but a few strokes. SOLO is made of best materials and nickel-plated. Danish make throughout. Write for it and convince yourself.

Sent post paid at 14/6 each, c.o.a.

SOLO DEPOT, Copenhagen K., Østergade 10

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd. CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10½d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham. Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

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For Heating & Domestic Installations.

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Skin Beauty Promoted By Cuticura

Bathe with Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify the pores. If signs of pimples, redness or roughness are present smear gently with Cuticura Ointment before bathing. Finally dust on a few grains of the exquisitely perfumed Cuticura Talcum.

Soap 1s. Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Formalised Shampoo Powders "MORNY"



Are now prepared in three Original Morny Perfumes: "Chaminade," "June Roses," or "Mystérieuse." Each envelope contains an appropriate quantity for once washing the hair. From all points of view these Shampoo Powders will be found most satisfactory; they are simple to use, they cleanse the hair thoroughly with the minimum of trouble, and the effect is everything that can be desired. The distinctive Morny Perfumes add considerably to the attractiveness of this delightful and easy method of cleansing the hair and scalp.

Boxes of 6 powders, 2/9: 12 powders, 5/-

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

MORNY FRERES Ltd., 201, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1